The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1929 NUMBER 736

Contents

The Week 201

Editorials

The Federation and Mr. Woll 205
That Which We Call a Rose 206

General Articles

War Responsibility and World Ethics ..... Robert C. Binkley 208
... Memory Green (verse) ... Archibald MacLeish 210
Labor Politics and Labor Education ... John Dewey 211
The Mark (verse) ..... Louise Bogan 214
Adam's Wonder (verse) ..... George O'Neil 214
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 214
If Love Survives (verse) ..... W. H. Davies 215
Chick ..... Stark Young 216
Art Young ..... Edmund Wilson 217
Still Life ..... Jerome Blum 219
Who, Who More Old (verse) .... Raymond Holden 219

Correspondence 220

Reviews of Books

Popularizing Esthetics ..... Oakley Johnson 222
Too Much Robespierre ..... Ferdinand Schevill 223
The Child in the House ..... Rachel O. Kallen 224
Stories of 1928 ..... Robert Morss Lovett 224
An International Survey .... Raymond Leslie Buell 225
From Magic to Science ..... Harry Elmer Barnes 226
Two Poets ..... Theodore Spencer 226
Fiction Notes 227

The Week

MR. HOOVER'S embarrassment over the farm-relief question appears to be surviving the campaign. At what appeared to be a critical moment in the effort to retain the allegiance of the Republican farmers, he was dragooned by Senator Borah into promising to call a special session of Congress after his inauguration, in case the present Congress did not pass a satisfactory measure. Mr. Hoover probably does not want a special session on his hands, and numerous business interests are opposed to it. Therefore he would be glad if the farm-relief question could be taken care of before he assumes office. But the whole attention of Congress is now occupied with the Kellogg Pact and the cruiser bill. Some of the farmers' advocates believe that agricultural legislation cannot receive adequate consideration at this session, while President Coolidge is anxious to round out his administration by ratification of the Kellogg Treaty, and is more than willing to let Mr. Hoover handle the troublesome farm question. Therefore Mr. Hoover must be consulted as to his intentions. It looks as if he would be unable to avoid making good on his promise, whether he wants to do so or not. Mr. Coolidge has already been forced to decide whether he would veto or sign the Boulder Dam bill, and probably does not care to pick any more of his successor's chestnuts out of the fire, by trying to satisfy the farm bloc and his other supporters at the same time.

IF a special session of Congress is to be called, its principal activity will undoubtedly be, not farm-relief legislation, but a revision of the tariff. This may well take all summer and fall. All the special interests seeking higher rates are loading their heavy artillery, and they have every right to insist that the Republican party give them what they want, in view of Mr. Hoover's insistence that high protective tariffs are sound, and that revision must be undertaken by congressional action rather than by scientific methods. The door is wide open for the old-fashioned log-rolling, which may produce a result which will seriously embarrass the Hoover administration. Mr. Hoover may well be somewhat appalled at the evil genius which he has called forth to attend his official christening. On this account the announcement of Congressman Cordell Hull that the Democrats ought, in the interests of our new international position and our foreign trade, to seek more moderate tariffs rather than higher ones, is to be welcomed. The Democrats have a real opportunity on this question to create an opposition which rests on two sound propositions: first, that any congressional revision not based upon scientific information is abhorrent; second, that if there is to be general revision it should tend to lower, rather than to raise, the barriers to international trade. While we do not expect Mr. Hull's position to be adopted by Congress, it will at least furnish a necessary rallying point for a fight against exorbitant rates and the usual scandal presented by the framing of a Republican tariff bill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. HULL'S anti-protectionist stand is not so inconsistent with Governor Smith's attitude during the campaign as many would seek to make it appear. Mr. Smith stated that the Democratic party would revive and strengthen the Tariff Commission, and would not seek any general congressional revision of rates—whether upward or downward. This position was not, as was so freely said, indistinguishable from that of the Republicans. On the contrary, it was sharply distinguished from it by the pledge to rely on scientific rather than log-rolling methods of tariff-fixing, and by the practical result to be expected—little modification of existing rates, as opposed to the open door for drastic upward revision which the Republicans swung. Governor Smith was supported in this position by the New Republic on several grounds, the chief of which was that on the whole the main desideratum is price and business stability, and that the best thing to do with the tariff is to let it alone. General revision in either direction is likely to have disturbing effects on business conditions. If we are to have such a disturbance, however, the New Republic is in thorough agreement with Mr. Hull that the tendency of revision ought to be downward rather than upward. In the long run the United States, like all other countries, will prosper more under low duties than under high ones.

WHETHER an effort to unite the Democrats in Congress on a low-tariff platform will succeed any better than efforts to unite them on other policies is problematical. As has been pointed out in our pages, the South of years ago, which was chiefly interested in cotton growing and exporting, was naturally on the low-tariff side, but the South of today, with its rapidly extending manufactures, is coming more and more to adopt the traditional position of manufacturers in the United States that they are benefited by protection. We doubt whether this is always true—no competitive and overexpanded industry like cotton textiles can benefit much from a tariff. Nevertheless, what industrial interests believe is true determines their policy, not what is true. If the Democrats do not furnish a solid opposition on this question, who will do so? This raises an interesting question. The western farmers, growing staples like wheat, logically ought to be expected to adopt the same position held by the cotton growers, since their exportable surplus prevents them from enjoying the benefit of protective duties on their product. The whole McNary-Haugen plan, in fact, is an attempt to make the tariff effective on farm staples. An extra session, concerned with both tariff and farm relief, therefore offers the Western farm representatives a unique opportunity. They can say to the high-tariff manufacturers: Give us machinery for dumping our export surplus and we will vote with you; deny it and we will join the Democratic opponents of protection. Will they seize this opportunity? The blind and unwavering Republicanism of the Western farmers themselves makes it seem more likely that they will, as usual, jump on the industrialist bandwagon.

PROPOSALS for limitation of armament are once again filling the columns of the daily press. The League's Preparatory Commission will meet on April 15, and, as in the previous abortive session, the United States will be represented. The Preparatory Commission found itself deadlocked at its last session and nothing has changed in the situation to justify hope of a better outcome this time. Technically, it will have two proposals before it. One of these is Germany's suggestion for a general disarmament conference in the near future, and the other is the second of the plans put forward by Russia. Some months ago, the U. S. S. R. suggested to the world that the way to disarm is to disarm, and expressed its willingness to abolish its army and navy *in toto* if the other nations would do the same. There was, of course, no possible chance that this suggestion would be accepted—which was probably one reason why it was made. Russia has now offered an elaborate alternative plan, involving partial disarmament and the abolition of poison gas, air warfare, tanks, etc. Of these proposals, as of the others, it can only be said that there is no possible chance of their being accepted. The coming session of the Preparatory Commission will either mark time or will break down. Under these circumstances, it would certainly be better that it should not be held at all.

ANOTHER proposal has come from Commander J. M. Kenworthy, a member of the British House of Commons and one of the most intelligent and sincere advocates of Anglo-American understanding. Commander Kenworthy was one of those to whom Representative Fred Britten wrote making his famous suggestion that committees from Congress and Parliament should meet on Canadian soil and try to solve the puzzling problem of naval parity. The British, apparently neither understanding Mr. Britten's real point of view nor the sharp distinction in this country between legislative and executive functions, have from the beginning been friendly toward Britten's dangerous proposal, which could certainly do no good and might easily do the greatest harm. Commander Kenworthy now replies to Mr. Britten cordially, makes a diplomatic inquiry as to whether the Illinois Congressman represents only himself or the Naval Affairs Committee of the House, and suggests two strictly unofficial conferences, the first to meet in London and the second in Washington. He points out, quite correctly, that the problem of naval parity is no more important than the codification of sea law. A conference on this last subject is undoubtedly desirable, and it is also of the greatest importance that the delegates should not be admirals or other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naval experts but civilians, imbued with a real desire to bring about harmonious relations. But such a conference should be called by President Hoover, should be official in character and should certainly not include among the conferees such fire-eating big-navy men as Representative Britten.

SOME of the enthusiastic supporters of the Kellogg Treaty believe that it will go far toward solving the difficult question of sea law. At present, Great Britain insists on her right to control neutral shipping on the high seas in case of war, and the United States insists that her ships shall go unmolested. This is the real reason for the competition in naval armament, which, despite all the disclaimers in the world, is going on today and was never even interrupted by the Washington Conference in 1921. But if and when the Kellogg Treaty is ratified, Great Britain will have renounced her right to make aggressive war, on the sea as well as on the land. There will then be only two circumstances under which she can fight. The first will be in self-defense; and it is argued that it will be difficult to pretend that seizing the cargoes of neutral vessels on the high seas is part of a defensive operation. She may also act as a policeman for the League of Nations or some other international authority, blockading a power which has been declared by that authority to be guilty of aggression. It is assumed that the United States, having signed the Kellogg Treaty, would itself in all human probability either participate in such a blockade, or at least, refrain from defying it. Therefore, the argument runs, ratification of the Kellogg Pact makes unnecessary any formal conference as to the rights of neutrals in wartime. This is an ingenious theory, but it puts, we feel, too much confidence in the ability of government officials to think logically and accept the results of their logic. In our opinion, whether the Kellogg Pact is ratified or not, a conference on sea law among the chief naval powers will be necessary and there can be no effective limitation of armament until it has been held, and has resulted in an agreement.

HENRY FORD has turned the tables on his scoffers in one important respect. When he adopted the five-day week, it was said that he did so simply because he did not have enough work to keep his employees busy for six days. Now, however, he has passed the acid test by continuing the five-day week, as far as the individual workmen are concerned, in spite of heavy demands on his productive capacity. He is going to operate his plants on a six-day schedule by adding 30,000 employees, instead of extending the hours of those already at work. Another aspect of this action is worthy of serious attention. Certain economists have argued that labor was all wrong in advocating the five-day week as a means of relief for unemployment. If the five-day week meant less production per capita, it would, they said, not affect the employment situation in the long run. Here is a dramatic bit of evidence, however, that at a given time and place, the five-day week means employment for 30,000 more men than would otherwise be required. And since unemployment is mainly an affair of the short run rather than of the long run, it may often be possible, in an era of rapid advances in productive efficiency, to employ more men by shortening hours. This is merely one way of sharing with the labor the benefits of increased production and profits.

EVENTS in China have been moving with amazing speed. A whole series of new commercial treaties have been executed in recent weeks, along the lines of those made with Britain and America. Now comes the news that Manchuria has gone over to the Nationalist government, an action which probably was produced by Great Britain's grant of recognition to Nanking, which has left Japan standing alone in her intransigent attitude. No one would have dared predict a year ago the amazing progress of the past twelve months. It is to be hoped, incidentally, that China will not make good her threat to resign from the League of Nations because of her failure to get a permanent place on the Council. The Geneva organization can be of great value to China; and the resignation of the Nanking government would be a serious blow to the League's prestige.

AT last there is reason to hope that the terrible institution of lynching may disappear. In 1928, there were but nine of these instances of mob murder in the United States. That is a record that is bad enough; but it compares most favorably with the average of forty-six per annum in the last ten years, and with the one hundred and seventy-five which were not at all exceptional a generation ago. Mississippi had the worst record this year with three lynchings, Louisiana and Texas had two each, and Missouri and New Mexico, one. Georgia, which has often in the past had a shockingly bad total, comes through the year without a single lynching. Despite the theory that these affairs are always the result of sex crimes, only two of this year's nine came under that category. Eight Negroes and one Mexican were killed, five of whom were accused of murder, two of the use of deadly weapons, and two of attacks upon white women, only one of which was authenticated. The great decrease in the number of lynchings is explained largely by the increased courage of the officers of the law; in twenty-four cases, mobs attempted to take prisoners from the hands of officials but were prevented from doing so. Propaganda against lynching was probably of some influence, and the efforts of interracial committees in general also had their effect.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM Washington come reports that Mr. Hoover is planning to create a new place in the Cabinet, that of Secretary of Public Welfare, and that he will offer this position to Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University, and a life-long close friend of the President-designate. Whether it would be desirable to create such a department, presumably incorporating the activities of the United States Public Health Service and perhaps such welfare divisions of the Women's and Children's Health Bureaus, is a technical question to which a ready answer cannot be returned; but that Dr. Wilbur is excellent cabinet material, everyone who has watched his career is aware. Dr. Wilbur suffers unjustly from the fact that he is the brother of the Secretary of the Navy, whose circle of ideas is widely different from his own. He has won distinction in three fields, as a surgeon (he is a former president of the American Medical Association), as President of Stanford University, and in the field of international affairs as President of the Institute of Pacific Relations. He broadened his political experience as a member of the American delegation at the Pan-American Conference in Havana a year ago. An appointment like that of Dr. Wilbur would go far to justify the conviction that Hoover, the engineer, is beginning to triumph over Hoover, the politician.

A FRONT-PAGE news column informs us that Mr. George Eastman and a benefit organization of his employees have jointly contributed $6,500,000 to inaugurate a grand new pension scheme, to be administered by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Several hundred thousand dollars a year will be necessary to pay the premiums. The story goes on to remind us of Mr. Eastman's liberality and his other benefactions. Why is it that in this country exhibitions of beneficence to employees always capture favorable notice, while efforts of employees to secure a better status as a matter of right and justice are usually frowned upon? The whole atmosphere of such a report as this indicates that much of American industry is truly feudal in spirit. The Eastman employees enjoy these benefits largely through Mr. Eastman's princely favor. In so far as the benefits are concerned, they are attached to Mr. Eastman's person or plants much as fiefs or serfs were to their masters. In fact, that is one of the chief recommendations of pension plans to employers. What about the many wage-earners who do not have such rich, or such liberal, masters? What about the tendency of employers like Mr. Eastman to discourage attempts to establish unions and state insurance funds for them? Nobody seems to think of this other side of the picture.

OLD-age pensions not only were an issue during the last campaign but are assuming national significance. Carefully drafted bills will be presented by the American Association for Old Age Security in nearly all the forty-two state legislatures which convene in 1929. There are several bills in Congress, and an effort is now being made to bring out the resolution introduced by Congressman Sirovich for the creation of a United States Commission to investigate the subject. The American Federation of Labor, at its last convention, endorsed this bill and will urge upon Congress the creation of such a commission. Governor-elect Roosevelt has come out in favor of adequate security for the dependent aged. A permanent conference on old-age security was recently formed by representatives of over twenty leading organizations in New York. Another and larger conference with delegates from many more organizations is planned in the near future. The problem of what to do with the older workers in America is coming to plague us more and more.

THE problem is becoming even more acute in the United States because of the increased productivity of our highly developed machine industry, which is now displacing hundreds of thousands of workers annually. This naturally affects the older workers most, since they are the first to be scrapped. In view of all this it is astonishing that the United States is today the only important industrial nation on the face of the earth which has, as yet, made no adequate social provision for the aged, outside of the three-centuries-old dreaded poorhouse and the degrading charitable relief agencies. Of the populous nations, China, India and the United States are the only ones which have as yet taken no social action in regard to this problem. Even our neighbor, Canada, has adopted a national old-age pension plan. Our backwardness and cruelty to many of the men and women who have built this nation and made possible prosperity for the rich is, indeed, astounding and revolting.

WHILE the official American labor movement has for many years officially approved the adoption of old-age pensions, it has regrettably done little to effectuate its policy. Fortunately some two years ago a national organization, known as the American Association for Old Age Security, was formed for the purpose of promoting this legislation in Congress and the state legislatures. The Association is headed by Bishop Francis J. McConnell and its vice-presidents include such eminent persons as Jane Addams, Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, Father John A. Ryan, Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and many others. On a ridiculously small budget, this Association has carried on an active campaign for this measure of social justice to the aged. The Association has just published a book by Abraham Epstein, its secretary, on "The Challenge of the Aged," which presents the problem in a simple manner, but comprehensively. Since 1929 will witness the convening of forty-two state legis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

latures, the Association is anxious not only to present old-age pension bills in every one of them but to push the fight for this measure of social justice in as vigorous a manner as possible. Certainly few organizations are more deserving of the support of progressives.

MR. T. S. MATTHEWS has been added to the editorial board of the New Republic.

The Federation and Mr. Woll

NOT for many years has a responsible leader of organized labor in the United States been so seriously challenged by a prominent leader of public opinion, in general sympathetic with trade unionism, as is Mr. Matthew Woll in this issue of the New Republic, by Professor John Dewey—America's most noted philosopher and educator. The occasion is worthy of serious reflection.

From past observation of similar incidents, it is possible to guess at the nature of Mr. Woll's reply, should he make one. Mr. Woll knows more about the history and technique of the labor movement than does Dr. Dewey, and he may catch him in minor errors. He may point out that Samuel Gompers, whose spiritual heir he considers himself, never joined the attack on the National Civic Federation, which was founded ostensibly in behalf of industrial peace. He may say that the controversy over the relationship between that body and the labor movement was stirred up chiefly by Socialist and other radical elements, which he considers a disrupting influence in the trade-union movement. These elements were never successful in alienating the American Federation of Labor from the Civic Federation. The controversy is an old one, in which the conservative labor forces were victorious long ago.

Mr. Woll may also wrap himself in the prestige of the labor movement as a whole, and imply that such an attack as Dr. Dewey's is calculated "consciously or unconsciously" to injure the solidarity of the movement. Dr. Dewey, it may be alleged, is a "tool" of enemies of labor. These enemies may be said to be either Communists or open-shop employers or both. At any rate, the fact that the attack is coupled with a defense of Brookwood may be used as evidence that Mr. Woll was right about the alleged disturbing influence of that institution. It may further be charged that this incident is merely another sign of the meddlesome tendencies of the much despised professors, "intellectuals," or "liberals" who, though they are not trade-unionists, aspire to control the policies of the unions and to utilize the power of the organized workers for their own ends. When the workers, through their democratically elected officials, decide on a different course of action from that prescribed for them by outsiders who consider themselves superior to the unions, the outsiders, it is said, become jealous and show their pique. By such arguments Mr. Woll may appeal to the group-consciousness of the labor movement and use the attack as means of strengthening his own position. It would be easy for him thus to secure the public support of colleagues who may in private disapprove of his policies.

The result of a controversy carried on in these petty terms, while it might protect the prerogatives of Mr. Woll, could only weaken the prestige of both parties and create joy in the camp of their mutual enemies. And the pity of it would be that in allowing itself to be placed in such a position the labor movement would be doing itself a great injustice. For in spite of his many official titles, Mr. Woll is in reality far from being representative of the American trade-union movement as a whole. Outsiders who criticize that movement do indeed often exhibit one failing, which the tactics of officials like Mr. Woll encourage rather than the reverse. Observing conduct on the part of some official of the A. F. of L. which merits disapprobation, the critics sometimes transfer that disapprobation to the entire trade-union movement. On this account it is necessary to remember the structure of the Federation.

The American Federation of Labor is exactly what its name implies—a federation, and a very loose federation at that. Its legal powers are extremely limited. It cannot engage in collective bargaining, negotiate trade agreements, or call or settle strikes in most industries. It cannot undertake active organization work, except in fields not claimed by existing unions, or except when instructed to do so by its constituent bodies. Those who really hold most of the power and do most of the work for which unions exist are the administrations of the several national or international unions which are federated in the general body. Within their own fields, each is autonomous. The one important power which the Federation claims, and exercises somewhat precariously, is to decide the boundary lines separating the fields of the several national unions. For the rest, the Federation represents the unions as a sort of spokesman and publicity agency, as an advocate or opponent of national legislation affecting labor. The amount of influence which any A. F. of L. official can exercise over the main activities of the several unions depends upon his personality and his shrewdness as a politician. For the most part, the busy men and women who carry on the daily burden of the labor movement are too preoccupied to pay much attention to what Federation headquarters does or says. One illustration of the truth of this situation is the frequent lack of correspondence between the actual vote of union members in public elections, and the political advice of Federation officials.

Even most of the members of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. are forced by circumstances to regard much less seriously their duties as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

members of that Council than their duties as heads of their respective industrial or trade organizations. There are on this Council some very able and broad-minded men, who in all probability would never have acted in regard to Brookwood as Mr. Woll did, if they had been charged with responsibility for the Federation's educational policy. But since so much of the Federation work had been delegated to him, as an ambitious and energetic man who happened to have the time for it, they had to let him take the lead in this regard, unless they wanted an internal fight on their hands. Indeed, the bitter experience of almost every union with the genuinely disruptive influence of Communist or left-wing forces within its ranks would make any official hesitate to take up the cudgels in behalf of an institution accused of harboring such influences. In the absence of able and aggressive leadership which might mobilize the A. F. of L. as a great social and economic force in the nation's life, small, tight-minded but active persons like Mr. Woll thus can have their way in matters which do not directly concern the industrial interests of the more powerful unions. But this does not mean that all the unions themselves are unworthy of consideration as liberating influences, and we are confident that Dr. Dewey intended to convey no such impression.

The more intelligent leaders of labor must admit, however, that regardless of any technical defense which may be set up, it is a great misfortune when the activities of the Federation bring forth condemnation from persons occupying positions in the nation's esteem such as John Dewey occupies. To deny that labor need pay any attention to what he says is to deny that labor need attend to its status in informed public opinion. When labor concerns itself with education, it concerns itself with a fundamental social activity in which Dr. Dewey is an acknowledged expert, and which affects, directly or indirectly, the entire community. Nor can any body of citizens with the pretensions of organized labor live by and for itself alone. No other group in the life of the nation is so insulated that it can justifiably resent all observation or criticism. We may grant the right of autonomy and self-government in the unions, without forgoing the right to disagree with them, especially when they reach out from technical industrial matters into matters of special public concern like education. Nor does labor itself act as if it were self-sufficient when it has to ask for public support in legislative, judicial and sometimes even in industrial controversies. If the manner of the Federation's action in regard to Brookwood, as inspired by Mr. Woll, is a correct indication of the nature of his mind, he is ill-suited to keep the good will of anyone interested in fair play, to say nothing of those concerned with education. It is an important question for labor whether it should, in its own interest, entrust to him in the future so much influence over its decisions.

That Which We Call a Rose

THE RECENT confessions of Mr. E. Haldemann-Julius, publisher of five-cent culture for the millions, add something modern and American to the philosophy which Shakespeare put into Juliet's speech in the balcony scene. The clever business man knows that the choice of a name for his flower or other commodity is quite as important as the quality of the commodity itself. That which he calls a cigarette or a cake of soap might smell as sweet by any other word, but he christens it Lucky Strike or Palmolive and walks away with the business. The science of advertising teaches us that it is not the *Ding an Sich* that the public likes, but the aroma of sexual or economic success with which it is surrounded. To popularize a rose we must link it with something else—with the charming lady whose bosom it graces, with the eminent executive who keeps one on his desk to sniff between his world-shaking decisions. Or we must hold up the hideous spectacle of the pariah in the commuters' club car who has refused to buy a green-house and consequently is forced to go to his office roseless and shunned. It is one of Mr. Haldemann-Julius' contributions to popular education that he has discovered that in the matter of merchandising there is no essential difference between roses and cigarettes, cakes of soap and books.

Mr. Haldemann-Julius' titles are so numerous and the volume of his sales so fantastic as to make his business almost a barometer of plebeian taste. He does not appeal to those who buy literature by the yard or who regard it as a detail of interior decoration. Nor, apparently, do his clients often know exactly what they are buying when they purchase one of his five-cent Little Blue Books. They buy by the labels. There are, of course, exceptions. "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," which sells at the rate of 50,000 copies a year, obviously demands some previous acquaintance. This is also true of the plays of Shakespeare, which, incidentally, are headed by "Romeo and Juliet," with a sale of 14,500 copies, of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," of "The Man without a Country," and of biographies in general. In such cases a certain amount of good will has already been created, either by school teachers or by quotations and references in the newspapers and popular periodicals. The motion picture may also have played its part. But as a rule, according to Mr. Haldemann-Julius' own testimony, which is amply borne out by his catalogue, it is the thing that a book is called that sells it.

Some easy conclusions may be drawn. "A Book of Comic Poems" is more than twice as good a seller as "A Book of Humorous Verse." The public likes slapstick and the belly laugh. It is not so fond of the quiet chuckle. Oscar Wilde's poems are twice as popular as those of Robert Burns,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his nearest competitor on the list of British versifiers. Perhaps he would sell a little better, whatever the title, for the scandal of his later years encourages a reader to hope for some indecent passage. However, Mr. Haldemann-Julius makes certain of his 40,000 annual readers by calling the volume, not by what is probably Wilde's best known poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," but "Harlot's House and Other Poems." Greek and Roman dramas are hard to sell, but "The Bacchantes" of Euripides goes into 12,000 pockets annually—obviously, thinks Mr. Haldemann-Julius, because "its title implies joyous dancers or some similar idea." Perhaps it is also bought as a gesture of defiance against the Volstead Act. Stevenson's "Apology for Idlers" is doing poorly. Mr. Haldemann-Julius decides that "America has no hankering to read about excuses for laziness" but believes he might put the book across if he could make a new title showing that "what Stevenson is really talking about is leisure for cultural betterment." Cellini sells well. Why shouldn't he? He is "described in the Little Blue Book catalogue and advertisements as a notorious murderer, lover and miscellaneous sinner." With that to recommend him the public can forgive him for being a great artist and making the Perseus. Of course, *Homo Sapiens Americanus* is not exclusively interested in sin and vice. He likes philosophy, particularly if it has a bitter note: Nietzsche has 45,000 sales annually. He wants to improve himself and to succeed. E. W. Howe has contributed five titles to the Blue Book library. One book by E. W. Howe is probably about as good as another, for the flavor of the man is in all of them. But four of these booklets, with nondescript labels, sell respectively at the rate of 20,000, 13,000, 11,000 and 5,000 copies. The fifth, Mr. Howe wanted to call "Preaching of a Brother-in-Law of the Church." Mr. Haldemann-Julius tagged it, instead, as "Success Easier Than Failure," and now 77,000 Americans buy it every year.

One is reluctant to accuse Mr. Haldemann-Julius of selling his goods under false pretenses. Yet, if the phrase were not libellous, one would have to say that in some cases he does so. He sells an article that is insidiously better than many of his readers would knowingly buy. He tricks the tabloid intelligence into accepting—perhaps even liking—a Harvard classic. This is more than a mere matter of titles, but the title is as good an illustration as any. There must be thousands of readers who pick up a Blue Book with the hope of having their lower natures appealed to, and who find, perhaps when it is too late, that they are being educated and uplifted. Those who have had personal experience of the fear and loathing with which editors of magazines for Mr. Haldemann-Julius' public turn away from anything remotely suggesting the high-brow, can only marvel at the feat. Yet one suspects behind this experiment a glittering truth, of value to all who write and all who educate. How much of human thought and knowledge has been rendered unacceptable because it was wrongly labelled? How much has the snobbery of learning and culture done to betray its own cause? Mr. Haldemann-Julius has gone to an opposite extreme. His books go forth in overalls and in headgear with ravelled ribbons and stained sweat-bands. They drop in at the barber shop and are not above telling the kind of stories that used to be told in mixed company—or, more often, hinting slyly that they could tell such stories if they would. They are like preachers who button their collars in front and take the name of the Lord their God in vain. By doing this they get a hearing. Plato and Voltaire, Marcus Aurelius and Tolstoy thus speak to an audience which otherwise would have none of them. One suffers occasional shocks in looking over Mr. Haldemann-Julius' lists and observing under what strange disguises some of one's literary heroes masquerade.

Yet it is perhaps not altogether a masquerade, after all. There is a vulgar vulgarity, an indecent indecency on which a whole classification of newspapers, magazines, books, plays and motion pictures thrive and multiply. There is another kind of vulgarity and indecency without which, one may venture to say, no great literature—nor even any great literary figure—ever existed. Mr. Haldemann-Julius' books and titles of course do not fall as a whole under either species. But where he makes what a cultured individual may consider a vulgar appeal, where he leads his prospective reader to hope for a lip-smacking passage or two, it may be that he is coming closer to the essence of literature than any of the professors. For literature is not what is found in libraries, it is what people read. If Mr. Haldemann-Julius invents a title for a book which makes his public read it, perhaps he has, better than most others, described that book. Apprentice critics could do worse than spend a year or two of graduate study in his culture factory.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1929, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT
T. S. MATTHEWS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN ROBERT LITTELL
LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL
LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War Responsibility and World Ethics

THE war-guilt controversy, by the very stubbornness with which it remains controversial and by the resiliency with which it recurs to the concept of guilt, exemplifies a significant trend in the moral thought of the world. It affords a most persuasive evidence of the moral integrity and solidarity of mankind. The question is formulated in such a way as to demand an answer in terms of responsibility or guilt. It both implies and requires a search for a more adequate ethical system than any that is now accepted or known.

The question of war origins is insistently formulated, now as in 1914, as a search for something culpable. There is the evident *corpus delicti:* the War; let us then identify the wrongdoers who are responsible for it! A blameworthy act has been committed; let us then discover where to lay the blame! The significance of a narrative account of the origins of the War is judged largely by its conclusions in assessing blame among individuals and nations. The value of a piece of historical research upon pre-war diplomatic history is estimated chiefly in connection with its bearing on the culpability of the several Great Powers. This way of thinking upon war origins has become a fixed habit. Fourteen years of discussion, swept by successive waves of revisionism, have not changed the form of the question, however they may have modified the content of the reply.

Not since the Protestant Revolution has there been such a focusing of western thought upon a definite ethical problem. And yet the world has been slow to realize the full implication of its interest in the outbreak of the War. All of these judgments on war guilt or war responsibility include in themselves an implicit ethical theory. But the ethical theory, whatever it may be, is not dragged into the light for inspection.

Does the human race possess any system of ethical ideas sufficiently comprehensive to serve as a criterion in judging the conduct of European statesmen before the War? What are the respective "rights" of a nationality to achieve political unity and of an existing state to maintain its existence? Is there any agreement on the implications of the right of self-defense, on the variance between the ethics of intention and the ethics of result, or on the possibility of regarding a nation or state as an ethically responsible entity? What weight is to be attached to the change in the world's ideas of rightfulness of war—a change which tempts critics to judge the actions of 1914 by the standards of 1928? These ethical problems and others as well are inevitably prejudged in every discussion which presumes to fix war guilt or responsibility.

No mass of documentary evidence, however mountainous, no scholarly labor, however patient, can result in a sound judgment on war responsibility except as a corollary of this or that ethical postulate. The situation is illustrated by analogy in the law of torts. In cases where both parties are at fault, the law must fix the incidence of the loss in view of the culpability of each, just as writers on war origins attempt to assess blame as regards the various countries and statesmen involved. How does legal thinking assign responsibility under such circumstances? No less than five doctrines prevail. The doctrine of comparative negligence holds him responsible whose behavior was worst, the "last chance" doctrine lays the responsibility on that one who had the last clear chance to avert the damage. Another doctrine divides the liability for damage in proportion to the culpability of each offender; still another lets the damage lie where it chances to fall. These variant doctrines are paralleled in the unconscious presuppositions of those who try to assess the responsibility for the War. Even when all the facts are admitted, the conclusion on responsibility will still be debatable because the facts can be interpreted in accordance with one or another of these principles. The case against Germany generally reflects the "last clear chance" doctrine; the case against Russia and France is usually organized on the basis of comparative culpability; the movement of opinion against the payment of reparations and indemnities tacitly accepts the doctrine that damage should lie where it chances to fall. Impartiality and industry alone will not guide a historian to a conclusion on responsibility.

In default of guiding principles, research on war origins has tended to become a text-citing game, in which one inconclusive quotation is pitted against another. There are certain key-texts, always brought well into the forefront of the discussion, like Izvolski's *"C'est ma guerre."* The increasing mass of published evidence on war origins adds to the number of these fighting citations. The method is not unlike theological controversy. Then there are the passages which the polemic writers quote from each other, Bausman quoting Barnes as Barnes quotes Demartiel. The players are told off into schools: "revisionists," "bitter-enders," "salvagers" and what not. The writer who brings forth a new book or document is solicited for each group by the reviewers who act as agents in choosing up sides.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The literature on war origins grows more and more vast, but much of it remains on the sheer level of naïveté. A clear mind and a rigorous discipline can lift the discussion above this level, as Renouvin has done. But no one can escape the dilemma: either accept ethical presuppositions, or go without a conclusion on responsibility.

II

Pierre Renouvin has thought more carefully and written more lucidly than any other writer on war origins except Fay. His work demonstrates the impossibility of assessing war responsibility without implicitly accepting one or another system of ethical presuppositions. Not only the connection between culpability and damage, but the definition of culpability itself, requires some criterion. Renouvin has woven into his book a conclusion on war responsibility, but he has done this by insidiously introducing an uncriticized ethical theory. He presents the story of a series of crises which, step by step, led to the War. At every crisis statesmen made decisions, and for these decisions he holds them rigidly to account. Stop-watch in hand he follows the stream of telegrams:

> Lichnowsky's first telegram, containing Sir Edward Grey's new suggestion, reached Berlin at 4:37 p. m. and the second one at 8:40 p. m. Allowing time for decoding, the Chancellor must have learned of the contents of the earlier one at about seven o'clock, and of the later one at about eleven. Now, at 11:50 p. m. he issued new and significant instructions to Tschirschky. . . .

Relentless as a Calvinist God on the Day of Judgment, Renouvin stands over Bethmann as the next step in German policy unfolds. Whatever this policy may be in intention or in consequence, Bethmann will be held answerable for it.

But how has Renouvin selected these events which he chooses to regard as crises? Only on the theory that freedom of action was present in certain instances, and not in others. He must make the distinction between actions freely chosen and those performed under compulsion, between policies which are necessary and those which are only contingent. Renouvin sees contingency in Bethmann's decision to support Austria, but he observes nothing but necessity in Poincaré's decision to support Russia. Therefore, he discusses Bethmann, but not Poincaré; he lists Bethmann's choice as one of the crises leading to the War, but has no mention of Poincaré's choice. For Renouvin proceeds from a conviction that certain state policies were so right that it is superfluous to call them into question.

If historical scholarship has not been happy in trying to answer the questions people are asking about the origin of the War, this is due neither to lack of zeal nor to narrow-mindedness, but to the limitations of historical method. The historian's final datum is the state of mind of a man in action, and the consequences of his act. There is thus material for conclusions according to an ethic of intention or an ethic of result. But the historical fact *per se* has no ethical quality. It is something which is or was, and it has no standing in the realm of ought-to-be. Since Lord Acton's day the tradition of the historical craft has drifted far away from the idea that World History is a *Weltgericht*. Empathy rather than moral criteria of conduct has become the primary instrument of research.

The writer who has most consistently and successfully kept within the limits of historical method in writing upon war origins is Sidney B. Fay. His whole study is an adventure in the sympathetic understanding of variant points of view. He cleaves to the sound datum of history, and consequently he does not reach a conclusion on responsibility. He writes, not like a Calvinist God reckoning the dread score in the Book of Judgment, but as a kindly gentleman who is willing to leave wide margins for the frailty of human nature.

> The Russian Ministers and Entente Ambassadors did not get to bed until long past midnight, after the "France" had steamed away under the stars carrying Poincaré down the Gulf of Finland. They had not yet recovered from the fatiguing festivities and bountiful banquets, when they were rudely awakened toward 7 a. m. after a very few hours sleep, by the news of a telegram from Belgrade telling of the ultimatum. During the succeeding fortnight of almost sleepless days and nights the fatigue and mental demands were far greater than during Poincaré's visit. Not only at St. Petersburg, but everywhere, in the Foreign Offices of Europe, responsible officials now began to fall under a terrible physical and mental strain of overwork, worry and lack of sleep, whose inevitable psychological consequences are too often overlooked in assessing the blame for the events which followed. But if one is to understand how it was that experienced and trained men occasionally failed to grasp fully the sheaves of telegrams put into their hands at frequent intervals, how their proposals were sometimes confused and misunderstood, how they quickly came to be obsessed with pessimistic fears and suspicions, and how in some cases they finally broke down and wept, one must remember the nerve-racking psychological effects of continued work and loss of sleep, combined with the consciousness of responsibility for the safety of their country and the fate of millions of lives.

To a book written throughout with such fine sympathy as is here illustrated, a final chapter on responsibility is added as a detached postscript. The conclusions on the question are mostly negative; the Versailles verdict is quashed, but there is no new assessment of blame. This is a fact which escapes the attention of most of his reviewers. The lack of a new verdict is not the result of timidity but a consequence of the essential consistency of the work. Having made no ethical assumption, the writer can reach no ethical conclusions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the world will continue to clamor for an answer to its question—an answer which history cannot give.

III

For the war-origins question is more than a research problem in history. It is a vehicle of the world's moral life. Ever since the crisis of 1914 dramatically exposed the inadequacy of moral principles and ideals, all attempts at ethical reconstruction have had to begin with a theory which would account for the initial catastrophe. As problems of rationalization, adjustment and reconstruction have shifted, there has been a corresponding change in the pattern used to construct a theory of war origins. For these theories have been derived not so much from the historical facts as from the pressure of practical interests.

The five principal patterns which have imposed themselves upon the discussion of the origin of the War are appropriate each to its own problem of conduct.

The first of these is the war-plot pattern. This was necessary to maintain the fighting spirit of populations during the War. Antipathy for war was overcome by ascribing overwhelming iniquity to the enemy. The idea of the Kaiser's War Plot and of England's Encirclement of Germany are alike in that they follow this pattern.

When the War was over and it was no longer necessary to stimulate belligerency among peoples, the pattern of thinking tended to shift from the idea of guilt to the idea of responsibility. Responsibility was easier to prove, and it was all that the logic of the reparations settlement required. Only the Germans continued to insist—and that by a kind of excess of zeal—that there had been a war plot. Each party manipulated the new evidence to establish a kind of civil responsibility of the other. Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles crystallizes this conception that the War is to be explained more after the analogy of an automobile accident than after the analogy of a premeditated murder.

As interest shifts from the reparations settlement to the development of devices for prevention of war, another pattern became useful: the powder-barrel analogy. The War is viewed as a disproportionate result of a comparatively insignificant decision. In the drafting of non-aggression pacts it is necessary to find some rule for identifying the miscreant who lights powder barrels, but it is not necessary to insist retrospectively that any party to the outbreak of the War incurred a responsibility equal to the immensity of the damage that was caused.

And finally there is the "inevitable cataclysm" pattern. This always has to do more with the remote than with the proximate causes of the War. The blame is assigned not to any nation or person, but to some institution such as capitalism, international trade rivalry, the national state system, or imperialism. This is a pattern of thought that commends itself to those who seek to bring about far-reaching changes in institutions or ways of thinking.

Will some assessment of blame for the War eventually obtain such general consent that only the ignorant and eccentric will deny it? The obstacles in the way of such a consensus are not those of national prejudice alone. When the time has passed that one writer is prejudiced in favor of Germany and another in favor of England, there will still be contention between those who blame institutions and those who blame persons, the obstinate partisans of economic causation will be ranged against the political historians, and those who believe that it is right for a nation to strive for unity at any cost will be disputing with those who believe that no object whatever is worth a war. As time goes on it will appear more and more clearly that the greatest difficulty lies not in sifting evidence, but in criticizing ethical presuppositions; not in establishing historical facts, but in resolving moral principles.

The war-guilt controversy is inevitably a great leading case in the building up of a new world ethic. Although no formal court is trying this case, the decision will determine the extent to which humanity recognizes its solidarity of interests, just as "Marbury vs. Madison" determined the nature of the American Federal compromise. When the war-guilt question is finally laid to rest, it will mean that the world of opinion has come to a conclusion as to the rights and wrongs of war-making. Thereafter, the task of those who seek to prevent war will be lightened a thousand-fold.

ROBERT C. BINKLEY.

. . . Memory Green

Yes and when the warm unseasonable weather
Comes at the year's end of the next late year
And the south-west wind that smells of rain and summer
Strips the huge branches of their dying leaves

And you at dusk along the Friedrichstrasse
Or you in Paris on the windy quai
Shuffle the shallow fallen leaves before you
Thinking the thoughts that like the gray clouds change

You will not understand why suddenly sweetness
Fills in your heart nor the tears come to your eyes
You will stand in the June-warm wind and the leaves
falling
Where was it so before you will say with whom

You will not remember this at all you will stand there
Feeling the wind on your throat the wind in your sleeves
You will smell the dead leaves in the grass of a garden
You will close your eyes with whom you will say Ah where.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Labor Politics and Labor Education

THE RECENT condemnation of the Brookwood Labor College by the American Federation of Labor brings to the foreground the question of the future of adult education in connection with the labor movement. The issue is rendered especially acute because of the way in which the condemnation was effected; it was a scholastic lynching. Methods were employed which are not tolerated today in so-called "capitalistic" private institutions, where accused persons are entitled to a hearing before condemnation can ensue. This phase of the matter has received attention in the press, but the extent to which the future of workers' education in this country is involved has not had corresponding publicity. Nor has the bearing of the Brookwood incident upon the prospects of organized labor itself under its present political management come to the notice of any large part of the public. A brief résumé of the leading facts, preliminary to a statement of these two larger aspects of the matter, is accordingly in place.

Early in August, the executive council of the American Federation of Labor issued a resolution calling upon labor unions to cease support of the Brookwood school. The charges made against it were that it had strongly communistic sympathies and, presumably, affiliations; that disloyalty to the American Federation of Labor was inculcated among its students; that "sex" occupied a large place in its teachings, and that religion was freely criticized and anti-religious views promulgated. The action was taken without any investigation of the school; without submitting charges to the faculty and students, and without giving opportunity for a reply. Protests naturally followed the action of the Executive Council, from members of the school, and from many others, both "intellectuals" and working members and officers in unions belonging to the American Federation of Labor, many of the latter being graduates of the College.

The answers received by those who protested were to the effect that the Executive Council had acted upon satisfactory evidence. But there was still no publication of the evidence and no responsible indication of its source, beyond the statement that it came from former students at Brookwood itself. No hearing was granted the faculty of the school nor its directors, all of them good labor unionists. The action of the New Orleans convention in refusing to return the resolution to the Executive Council was the logical outcome of the course previously followed. The Council had taken steps which made contrary action possible only if the delegates were ready to declare war on the official management of the Federation. Under the circumstances, it is almost surprising that as many as one-fourth of the delegates were not in favor of confirmation. Meantime, while communist organs were adding a note of humor by denouncing the College as a bourgeois "cloak for the reactionary labor fakers," organs of the American Federation of Labor's inner machine were replying to the charge of violation of academic freedom and failure to give a hearing, by asserting that since the College was not under the Federation, the issue was in no way involved. To the protests of the teachers' unions affiliated with the Federation (the members of the faculty being themselves one of the local unions), which were not in any way consulted or heard, these same organs replied that since the College was not under the Federation, there was no question of jurisdiction involved, and they even went so far as to state that while it was the duty of the Council to warn the unions against the subversive conduct of the school, it would have been outside of its jurisdiction to subject the faculty of the school to a trial such as would be involved in giving them a hearing!

These are the bare external facts. While the "evidence" was not submitted, it became clear in the course of discussion that it consisted of letters from five former members of the school; there was no difficulty in identifying the five, although their names, in accordance with the arbitrary star-chamber nature of the whole proceeding, remained officially anonymous. It is significant that although the school has been in existence about seven years, the five in question were all at the College at the same time, last year, and had formed a notoriously disaffected clique. Without going into personalities, it may be asserted that an investigation would have revealed that each person had what, he thought was a personal grievance. Anybody who knows anything about schools and students is aware that five out of a total hundred and twenty-five students, present and past, is a small number to become disgruntled. The number is more significant, because of the hearty denial of the insinuations and charges that came from the rest of the graduates and from the present student body. The graduate of the College who led the opposition on the floor of the New Orleans convention, himself a vice-president of the Massachusetts Federation, had previously put in writing a strong endorsement of the educational policies of the school, ending by saying that "it increased his devotion and loyalty to the labor movement." Each item of the official indictment was specifically contradicted by students. It is also worth noting that the College has the unusual provision of special and officially recognized periods at which the policies and teachings of the school are freely discussed and criticized.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even this mere summary must raise the question: What is back of such conduct? What does it portend for the future of workers' education and for the present and prospective organized labor movement under the tutelage of the inclusive Mr. Woll?

A few words first regarding the educational spirit of Brookwood. The official statement of the College is that it "aims to train active members of labor organizations for more intelligent and efficient service to their organizations." Only persons recommended by labor organizations are admitted as students. The testimony of all but the five disgruntled persons is to the effect that it achieves this end. There is and has been no concealment that the College stands for liberal ideas and ideals. Part of the same official statement says that Brookwood thinks of the labor movement as "having for its ultimate goal the good life for all men in a social order free from exploitation and based upon control by the workers." Its prospectus also says that it endeavors "to teach students how to think, not to tell them what to think." In accordance with this principle, free discussion is encouraged. The College, more than most educational institutions of whatever sort, has been truly educational in living up to its effort to lead students to think—which means, of course, to think for themselves. The action of the American Federation of Labor's administrative machine, in itself and in its mode of execution, is a warning that it does not want this sort of education; it regards it as a danger and menace. This is the issue upon the educational side. One of the damning indictments brought by representatives of the machine at New Orleans was precisely a quotation of a statement to the same effect as that cited above regarding the ultimate ideal and goal of the labor movement as a social force. It is no wonder that fraternal representatives of the British labor movement at New Orleans heard with amazement what is the official policy of the British Labor party not only disavowed, but used as a final condemnation of a workers' school.

What about the official management of organized labor when it openly repudiates a system of free education aiming to teach labor leaders to think independently, rather than to repeat officially stamped stereotypes? What is the nature of a management that finds such a method a menace to it? This brings us to the other side of the picture. Mr. Matthew Woll has been the leading spirit in the whole affair. Who and what is he?

He is President of the Photo-Engravers Union, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, and member of its Executive Council; Secretary of the Committee on International Labor Relations; Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions and of the permanent Committee on Education; President of the International Labor Press, which, through the medium of the International Labor News Service, controls the labor news that reaches the public (that the "labor editors" of metropolitan dailies find it useful to stand in with the administrative machine of the American Federation of Labor will be easily understood); Director of the Legal Bureau of the Federation; President of the International Sportsmanship Brotherhood—an organization to coöperate with the "welfare" departments of large employers, and President of the Union Labor Life Insurance Company, the organization through which organized labor has entered the insurance field. The record indicates that Mr. Woll is an able and energetic man as well as a busy one. He has the main strings of administration gathered in his hands. The record is incomplete, however, until the most significant fact of all is added, namely, that he is Acting President of the National Civic Federation.

It would require much more than the space which this article can occupy to record the attitude of the Civic Federation toward labor. If the reader is not in a position to take "judicial notice" of it, it may be asserted that examination of its history, capable of documented proof, exhibits constant antagonism to the aims of aggressive unionism. It is significant of the consistent spirit of its conduct that Mark Hanna wrote a letter in which he said that he desired no better monument than the fact that he was chosen as the first president of the Civic Federation.

There is no evidence that Mr. Woll has used his position to alter the policies of the National Civic Federation toward organized labor. On the contrary, he has subtly employed his dual official position to cramp or paralyze action on the part of the Federation of Labor that is not in line with the policies of the Civic Federation. Positive confirmation, aside from the negative evidence of total absence of protest, is found in the history of old-age pensions, state and federal, an idea actively sponsored by the American Federation of Labor, when it had the militant leadership of Gompers, but skillfully side-tracked in the consulship of Woll.[1] Equally significant is the fact that he is a member of a commission of the Civic Federation, on Industrial Inquiry, and Chairman of one of its sub-committees, the avowed purpose of which is to find a *modus vivendi* between employers having company unions and the regular labor unions. Considering that organized labor in general regards company unions as its most serious present foe, this fact speaks for itself.

It is not surprising that Mr. Woll's influence in the American Federation of Labor is regarded with great favor by reactionary economic persons, or that the American Federation of Labor, so far as it has come under the control of his dominating

[1] The policy of the Civic Federation is to foster industrial pensions under employers themselves—a policy once denounced by the A. F. of L., but now brought to the fore because of the opposition of Woll to the Gompers policy. He also uses the Life Insurance Company of which he is president to weaken the idea of state old-age pensions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

administrative machine, is no longer cursed as revolutionary and subversive, but is blessed as a constructive, safe and patriotic organization. Nor is it surprising that the minority in the American Federation of Labor that retains allegiance to former aggressive policies is becoming restive, and is asking to whom Mr. Woll gives his loyalty, to the employers' associations and their financial allies, which dominate the Civic Federation, or to organized labor, and whether the policy of Mr. Woll is not to paralyze the workers' movement by turning the American Federation of Labor into an adjunct of the policies of the Civic Federation.

Incidentally, a dubious significance is attached to Mr. Woll's affiliations because of his activity in suppressing a resolution of censure of the activities of the Chicago Institute for Research in Land Economics and Public Utilities, introduced by Chicago labor delegates because of evidence that the Institute was supported by speculative real-estate interests and public utilities and was working in their behalf. That Mr. Woll is not incapable of irony upon occasion is seen in the fact that he appealed to the principle of free speech and academic freedom as ground for exempting the Institute from unfavorable notice by the Federation! He also ran true to form in softening the resolution of censure of the propaganda activities of the light and power trust in schools and colleges, by deleting specific reference to "power interests" and substituting the more innocuous word "special interests."

Possibly there are persons who will regard the state of affairs described (only in small part) as of no great importance to others than the Federation of Labor itself. If the Federation likes that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing it likes, will be the cynical comment. But those who believe that organized labor should be a great force in social reconstruction will feel differently. Personally, I believe that, provided there is intelligent leadership, it contains factors of fundamental importance in bringing about a better social order. That Mr. Woll's status is a force in politics is revealed in the fact that, although the Federation of Labor has previously endorsed some presidential candidates, he was an active factor in securing refusal of endorsement to Governor Smith in the last campaign, in spite of the fact that most persons regard the latter as the best friend labor has had in high political office. Perhaps Mr. Woll, as well as Mr. Hoover, regarded Governor Smith as a Socialist—an opinion no more silly than the charges of Communism he brings so freely against any persons opposed to the domination of labor by his administrative machine. In any case, the facts cited are relevant to the inert character of the present labor movement and to the charges brought against a Labor College guilty of believing that an educational movement should train leaders who think independently and should thereby help in ushering in a social order free from exploitation.

In connection with the educational phase of the matter, it is significant that the motion of condemnation of Brookwood was sponsored at New Orleans by Mr. Mahon, President of the Street Railway Employees' Union. Mr. Mahon is the man who, in behalf of that union, signed an agreement with Mr. Mitten which guaranteed immunity to the company unions of the Philadelphia traction interests controlled by that gentleman. The *quid pro quo* was that Mr. Mitten would not oppose regular unions in any further traction developments in other cities in which he had a controlling voice, provided those unions adopted the standards already in force in Mr. Mitten's company unions. It happens that Mr. Muste, the head of Brookwood, had incurred the antagonism of Mr. Mahon by public criticism of the policy involved in the agreement. Another point of educational import is the influential position occupied by Mr. Woll as chairman of the Education Committee of the American Federation of Labor, its only permanent committee. He is now engaged in gathering under his brooding wings the Workers' Education Bureau, having introduced a resolution that this Bureau have a board of directors entirely elected by the American Federation of Labor and international unions. At present three out of eleven are approved by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. Even more important is the fact that the resolution, if and when adopted, would deprive state and city federations, local unions and district councils, together with labor schools and colleges, from representation. If he succeeds in getting this measure through the next convention of the Workers' Bureau (an organization formed by liberal labor elements independently of the American Federation of Labor), he can congratulate himself that labor education has been made safe for the political machine of the Federation which he so skillfully conducts. At present, some of the labor schools are conducted by men who are Brookwood graduates. The condemnation of Brookwood is a warning to them that they may be next in line. Will Mr. Woll's next step be to discipline them? Any activities of his in this direction will be worthy of attention.

It cannot be too generally understood that the condemnation of Brookwood is no isolated event. It is a part of the policy to eliminate from the labor movement the schools and influences that endeavor to develop independent leaders of organized labor who are interested in a less passive and a more social policy than that now carried on by the American Federation of Labor in its close alliance with the National Civic Federation. Opposition to the official political machine of the former is to be interpreted as enmity to organized labor itself; that any opposition is ascribed to Bolshevist sympathies is in line with the resort to cheap epithets currently employed to discredit any liberal movement. What will become of the organized labor movement in case such policies continue to grow?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This issue as it affects education and the future of labor in this country is the real issue involved in the Brookwood incident.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Mark

Where should he seek, to go away
That shadow will not mark him down—
The spear of dark in the strong day
Beyond the upright body thrown
Marking no epoch but its own?

Loosed only when, at noon and night
The body is the shadow's prison.
The pivot swings into the light,
The center left, the shadow risen
To range out into time's long treason.

Stand pinned to sight, while now, unbidden,
The apple loosens, not at call,
Falls to the field, and lies there hidden—
Another and another fall
And lie there hidden, in spite of all

The diagram of whirling shade,
The visible, that thinks to spin
Forever webs that time has made,
Though momently time wears them thin
And all at length are gathered in.

LOUISE BOGAN.

Adam's Wonder

The amber morning floats a tree.
This is insoluble to me,
That boughs bear apples, bronzen, clear,
There, in the shimmer of the year.

Reason for this I have not found,
That seeds pulled sunward in the ground,
Pressing the dark with airy shoots,
Should whirl up iron from burning roots.

What mind, in witnessing, perceives
The golden purpose of the leaves
When feathered arrows spring and pass
To whip the morning from the grass?

No man that speaks can lay for me
In thought's most staunch suspensory
The high bewilderment I know
To see an orchard shining so,

To watch a pendant apple stare
At stranger substance in the air—
A figure moving toward a tree,
An arm uplifted, radiantly.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

Washington Notes

THE return of Mr. Hoover to Washington for a week is plainly and completely political. It is all very pretty to talk about the necessity of gathering material for the inaugural message and of the desire of the President-elect to frame his farm-relief bill so as to have it ready for the extra session of Congress, which, it is now confidently expected, will be called about April 15. Undoubtedly there is foundation for both these statements. Undoubtedly they constitute by themselves valid reasons for the shift from Miami to Washington. Nevertheless, the exigencies of practical politics are the real reason for the change, and these would have brought Herbert back had he had his message completely written and the subject of farm relief carefully catalogued under the head of "finished business." To blurt this fact out with no cushioning phrases about policies and principles and the "greater good" may jar on the sensitive ears of the Barton-Baker element of the Hoover entourage, but it happens to be true, and I think will be entirely apparent within a few days after the Hoover arrival here—apparent, that is, to all save the most foggy-minded of our publicists and political analysts, some of whom seem to me to be getting more foggy-minded as time passes. Or perhaps this is just one of the delusions of my approaching senility.

Be that as it may, I am credibly informed that back of the change is the simple fact that Herbert some days ago came to the wholly logical conclusion that six weeks of separation from politics and politicians had left him in a state of uncertainty almost as distressing as the state of the politicians who are separated from him. It became clear to him, so I am told—and I find it easy to believe—that to make up his mind definitely in the matter of the Cabinet, or in the matter of the first-string diplomatic posts, or in the matter of anything else connected with the use of the appointing power, without knowing more about the prevailing political attitude, would be very much like diving off the end of a wharf without knowing the depth of the water. Further, it is said, Herbert quite plainly understood that he could not fully inform himself as to politics unless he were in Washington, at least for a while. At Miami he could see a great many people of more or less importance, but he would have considerable difficulty in seeing the men whose political judgment is worth most to him and who have least to ask of him. The necessity for full knowledge of political reactions—particularly of Senate reactions—before the announcement of either cabinet or ambassadorial appointments, is too obvious to argue. Herbert, being a practical and extremely level-headed person, deduced that a week of Washington preceding Miami would be much more productive of real political information than six weeks of Miami with no Washington at all. And so it will.

For example, I think that, had the original schedule of keeping away from this charming center of politics and poker until the day of his inauguration been adhered to, Mr. Hoover would by no means fully grasp the sour situation which is rapidly developing around his old friend, Dr. J. Hubert Work, whose remarkable and consistent in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eptitudes as a campaign manager constituted one of the favorite topics for Democratic editorial writers, and were the features of a whispering campaign that had a virulent vogue in Washington, New York and Chicago Republican headquarters. Dr. Work did not add either to the good humor or the effectiveness of the Hoover campaign, and it is no secret at all that, when Mr. Hoover got back to Washington after his California speech of acceptance, he found a sad situation which he was called upon to straighten out personally, which was anything but easy to do. The impossibility of Dr. Work's getting full coöperation from either Jimmie Good or George Moses was as plain as the utter lack of enthusiasm about Dr. Work, personally and politically, throughout the Hoover organization.

There is not space here, nor need, to discuss how or why the good Doctor became National Chairman. It involves a story of small jealousies, swollen egos, compromises and obligations. It is enough to say that he was neither a happy nor a popular choice, and there were a considerable number of Republicans who found themselves unable to cheer him. That is why the present situation concerning Dr. Work is interesting. Quite plainly he has no idea of withdrawing from the front of the political picture. On the contrary, he has let it be known that he intends to continue as Chairman of the National Committee and devote himself to building up the party organization by a sustained activity during the four years which will elapse before the next national convention. He has, it is understood, no desire or intention of going into the Cabinet, but he proposes to live in Washington, to keep steadily on the job as National Chairman, maintaining at committee headquarters an adequate and capable staff. His ambition, it is said, is to have the committee under his direction become more vital and potent than it has been under former chairmen. This is a task to his taste, and it is understood that he has money enough to indulge himself without bothering about being on the government payroll. A week ago, when the Miami schedule for the Hoover arrival there early in January was still in effect, it was announced that Chairman Work was preparing to go to Florida at once.

Now, while it is true Dr. Work has not made any such claim and has uttered no word that could be taken as proof of such purpose, these things have none the less combined to create the notion that he will be—or at least that he expects to be—the patronage-distributor of the incoming administration—not, of course, for the larger posts but for the smaller ones, which mean vastly more to the politicians. The notion is prevalent in political circles that Dr. Work aspires to be the political representative of the Hoover regime, that the political worthiness of aspirants for office will have to be passed upon by Dr. Work, that his job will be to relieve Mr. Hoover of the bother of determining the political availability of applicants. In other words, the report is that Dr. Work will be in the Hoover administration what Frank Hitchcock was to Taft and Albert Burleson to Wilson. Instead of being in the Cabinet, as they were, he will merely be Chairman of the National Committee.

To say that the prospect of Dr. Work's playing any such powerful role as that in the Hoover administration is not popular in party circles is to express it with woeful inadequacy. The plain truth is that a considerable number of Republican Senators and Representatives are seriously disturbed at the mere suggestion, and would be deeply resentful over any such authority being given the former Secretary of the Interior. Personally, although I grant that the present plans of Dr. Work, his evident purpose to be politically active in Washington, and his announced purpose of being the first to visit Mr. Hoover at Miami, give color and plausibility to the Work rumor, I take no real stock in it. I do not credit it for a moment. It is possible that Dr. Work may cherish such a dream, but I do not believe it is shared by the efficient, exceedingly practical and politically canny Herbert—and for a number of reasons. One is because it is so perfectly obvious that no better way of creating trouble for his administration and fomenting friction between himself and Congress could possibly be found. Another is because, while Herbert was undoubtedly deeply grateful for the support given him by Dr. Work—in those early and agonizing days when he was making his fight for the nomination on a shoe-string and the good Calvin was being as helpful and comforting as a sore thumb—he has no such opinion of either the political wisdom or the political popularity or the political efficiency of Dr. Work as to induce him to clothe that dull and ponderous person with any such power as is reported. It is, I think, "the boloney." None the less, it is a good thing for Herbert to get back here to Washington, where he can appreciate the extent to which the mere report of such a political policy has upset things. He could not fully grasp it in Miami. The most resentful of his friends would not follow the Doctor to Florida to present their views. But they will present them here all right. They are preparing, I believe, to give Herbert a very hot earful about Hubert, very shortly after his arrival. In my judgment, it is a good thing for him to come here and get it, but that is only one of the sound political reasons the shift in the schedule was a wise one.

T. R. B.

Washington.

If Love Survives

If nothing takes away our power
To think of what is past—
What matters where our spirits go,
What life we lead at last.

Whether we burn in summer's heat
Or freeze in winter's cold;
Whether we float on silver waves,
Or ride on beams of gold:

No matter where or what we are,
To work, my love, or play;
In Heaven or Earth, our cry shall be—
"How old is Love today!"

W. H. Davies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chick

THE Sunshine Special gets in rather late for people nine years old, but ten o'clock finds my nephew up and at the little station on the edge of town, which the railroad put there for the convenience of the neighborhood and my nephew thinks he owns. "Here, give me another," he says, in a new hearty treble, and there is another great hug before we all get into the car and start off toward the house and the Christmas Eve that will be there tomorrow.

He is a fine little boy, with eyes that stretch and change as he listens to a story or an account of some new invention or to the pages of a book when you read to him. He is slim, too tall for his age, quick in the body and in the head. He is impulsive and can sound tempestuous, especially with his mother, whom he adores but knows he can overwhelm with the right amount of commotion when the point is reached where he must do as he pleases. But he is delicate and shy in his heart.

He leads in all his classes and is promoted from grade to grade in a way that must astonish the teachers and children in his public school, but we are consoled for that by the fact that he is popularity itself with them all; and this we take to argue that he is not a freak, not destined to be a brilliant solitary all his life, with the burden of himself forever on his hands. It must be said, however, that he is not obedient, the fault of other people somewhat; he is, in fact, according to my aunt and his great-aunt, who is his slave, but thinks he has no manners, very headstrong, at times bull-headed.

After he had done, it appears, almost too well with fractions, in his own grade and the grade above him at school this fall, the doctor thought more air would be good for him, growing so fast as he was; and his mother took him to the dude ranch a pleasant ride away in the hills. He came back all roses and noise. And now he has been telling me about the ranch and Chick, the cowboy who worked out there, and showing me his sombrero, his spurs and his rope, with which he learned to rope first posts, then hens, and then, with Chick to make it safe, the riding horses when they stood in the hitching lot. And by this time the hour for bed is well past, the last judgment has come, his mother rises and says he must come at once.

At this juncture in the family day I can remember in other times some lively scenes; early in my nephew's career howls and excuses and lying awake; and then, these last two years, clutching on to a book to finish a chapter or story, or to his precious adventure magazines, which he keeps still in their basket and allows nobody to touch. But tonight, to my amazement, he goes quietly off to his bedtime preparations, under his mother's eye; and at the end of them—I am quite unprepared for this final touch—he kneels beside his bed and says his prayers, now I lay me down to sleep, with great propriety and far less hurry than in the old days when his devotions had to be policed.

My sister shuts the door presently and comes out smiling, and as we sit by the fire, tells me about Chick. For my nephew is having his first great love and adoration, his first case of hero-worship. At the ranch he has seen Chick bringing up the horses, riding them, breaking in such as needed breaking, standing on his hands on a horse and riding, roping horses and cattle and never missing his aim; he has heard Chick sing cowboy songs and play his violin, and listened to his stories of hunting and of the cattle trains farther off on the prairies, the coyotes and round-ups and chuck wagons, everything that makes life wonderful and the adventure stories even more than likely. I gather, too, that he has seen that gentle, clean look in this cowboy's eyes, admired the lithe, muscled, alert body, and felt the tenderness that is in him, and that shows toward a little boy, strength and tenderness together, like your father and your mother and the heroes. He has heard things in Chick's voice when he spoke that one may safely take as good things; droll, human, sensitive and rough, and something in it hoped for and never to be found.

Chick is twenty-two, my sister tells me. He has signs of good blood about him, one of those pioneer bloods no doubt that came here to the West, with the qualities and inheritance of culture and social background, and left to their children the sensibilities and instincts without the chance for any education. Chick can read and write, but he has never been to school. He has a good voice and can sing cowboy songs in a way that you never forget when you have heard him. He does not know his notes but plays the violin by ear very well.

He has his own standards of morality and what a man should be like. Some of the women at the ranch invited him one night to go into town with them to the movies; and in the midst of the picture, which was a broad affair of the studios and artists' models, so called, he leaned over and said to his companion that if he was with a lady and there came some picture of girls without clothes or rank love scenes, he always shut his eyes, out of respect to women. If he was with men only, of course, that was different.

There was a great hike during my sister's stay at the ranch, and up such mountains that she could not go along. But there was no way out of letting my nephew join the party, and his mother was obliged to consent and to put her trust in Chick, who promised to take good care of him. When they came back two days later, Chick and my nephew leading the march on their horses, one of the campers told of what a plucky little boy he had been, in new boots that hurt his feet at every step, and then told of Chick's putting his charge to bed, "now say your prayers," he said, and heard them through. This, my sister says, smiling, is what accounts for the new docility.

The housekeeper at the ranch, what with these guests present, ladies from cities and towns, gentlemen too, had, naturally, some compunctions about Chick's appearance and manner, which she thought might be polished up without disadvantages. "I think," she said to the manager, "you ought to tell Chick to take a bath."

"Now look here," he said, in that impish tone that I myself have heard him use, "you tell him yourself. I'm not athletic enough to tell a cowboy to take a bath."

A few days passed and the housekeeper, troubled in this matter, tried another flick at it.

Listen here, Chick smelled like the horses, she said,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was that a good idea? No, it was too much, really.

The manager was tired of the subject.

"Well, now look, you better go down there and stay some with the horses, then you'll get the smell yourself and won't notice it, see?"

My sister laughs as she tells me these passages between them over Chick and his elegances, but I can see that in her heart she is thinking of that goodness and fresh youth and rightness that this cowboy has, and only hoping that some day her little boy will be like him, and will have as much as Chick has at bottom to start life with.

"He's a sweet boy," she says, "it's a shame somebody doesn't give him a chance." And then we agree that it may be better with Chick as he is; and she goes on to tell me how there were some people visiting the ranch who had not, as you might expect, the world being what it is, sense enough to see how fine Chick is. It was almost more than she could bear sometimes to see the way they spoke to him, as if he were no more than a servant around the place. He understood it all, she was sure, but never said anything about it.

It was on this line perhaps that the kindly housekeeper worked. She may have pointed out little items in which Chick could put himself on a better plane of defense against insolence and superiority from fools. Or she may have given him hints of how to heighten his charms and increase his powers of attraction, for cowboys have their vanity. At any rate women have their ways, as everyone knows, and presently you could see signs of slicking up about Chick, a difference at the collar when he came into the dining-room, not so loud a stirring of the spoon in the cup, no more pouring your coffee out into the saucer and blowing it to cool it and then drinking out of the saucer. So things went for ten days more, the ranch throve with guests from town and from the North, and Thanksgiving came and the housekeeper's Thanksgiving dinner.

At dinner that day, Chick called up the table to her: "Say, which way do you tip this plate, north or south?"

STARK YOUNG.

Art Young

ART YOUNG has composed the least pretentious of autobiographies ("On My Way": Horace Liveright). In fact, it scarcely pretends even to be an autobiography. He has merely kept a diary for six months, writing down in it every day some memoir, observation or reflection. The result is like a series of conversations with some gifted but unpretentious neighbor, who has seen a good deal of the world and who has thought a good deal about it, upon whom one might agreeably drop in of an evening in the country.

He talks, as the occasion suggests, of his boyhood in Wisconsin, of the cranks in his home town, who interested him; of his opinion that capitalism is doomed, and that socialism will presently supplant it; he speaks with loyal appreciation of his old master, Bouguereau, and tells how Bouguereau reprimanded him for making a brutal-looking model look too brutal; he says that the trouble about modern New York is that you see nothing out of the window but brick; he tells about the early days in Greenwich Village: he was present at the picnic held on the top of Washington Arch, when Greenwich Village declared itself an independent republic: when people came out the next morning, they all stopped and stared at the balloons flying from the top of the Arch; he used to know Eugene Field, also Jack Reed and Jack London; he tells about his cat, which has had kittens and was disturbed by the men fixing the furnace, so that it moved all the kittens up to the attic; he talks about the change in American humor from the days of Josh Billings and Bill Nye; he mimics an old-fashioned Southern Senator whom he used to hear when he was in Washington reporting Congress; he talks about his neighbors in the country; he remarks that if Frank Harris had known all the people he said he had, he would have had to be two hundred years old; he explains that Gustave Doré was the great admiration of his youth; he tells you how he used to campaign for municipal ownership, and how he once ran for the legislature on the Socialist ticket, but that he discovered too late that all his speeches had been made outside his district: perhaps if his constituents had heard him, they would have given him fewer votes; he ruminates on his career as an artist, and wonders whether his unpopular views had really had much to do with the fact that he has never made money.

But as we gradually acquire, with such a neighbor, a tolerably solid idea of his tastes, his disposition, his views, his work and his associations—so with this book, little as there is of it and casual as it appears, we feel, by the time we have finished it, that we have gained a singularly complete impression of a personality. Art Young, with that sense of proportion which is probably one of his most valuable qualities, has known how to make his inconsecutive notes balance and set off each other. He has been brief, informal, good-humored: no satirist was ever less pharisaical. And he has heightened the colors of nothing, has perhaps even understated: no cartoonist ever carried less rhetoric into his private conversation. Yet, without making any effort to be interesting, he has succeeded in interesting us. We are not disappointed in the personality which lies behind that long series of drawings which for the last thirty or forty years have been among both the least well advertised and the most distinguished features of American satiric art.

From the point of view of the drawings themselves, this book hardly does Art Young justice. What we should like to see would be a collection carefully selected and well reproduced: such a collection should include specimens from all the periods of Art Young's career, but it should lean most heavily on those phases, such as his connection with the old Masses, when his mature talent had its freest scope, and when he astonished even readers who had admired him for many years in Life, by his sure incised line, his intelligence and his wit.

The drawings which illustrate these memoirs have been chosen, as a rule, without regard for their intrinsic merit, but merely because they supplement the record. There are many sketches of celebrities, for example, which, although they have their own kind of interest—especially those of Mark Twain, in his old age, walking up Fifth Avenue in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a silk hat and P. T. Barnum attending divine service—do not represent Art Young at his best. As he tells us himself, he has never been good as a caricaturist: he is rather a cartoonist than a caricaturist; and he is rather a straight ironic artist of the type of Steinlen and Forain (in whose country he would probably long ago have occupied a position of generally acknowledged importance) than a cartoonist of the type of Nast. Not, however, that there are not, in this volume, fine examples of Art Young's work. There are several of the best of his drawings in wash: the Dantesque "world of creepers," with its sluggish river of men, stopping their mouths, watching their neighbors, holding their hats in their hands, all afraid to raise their heads in a wilderness where there is nothing but themselves; and the workman's kitchen, with its heavy human masses and its human hands like catchers' mitts, where the wife is saying to the husband: "There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you workin' in a nice cool sewer!" There is the admirable line drawing of an old farmer first published in the Dial over the title "American Peasant" (did Art Young choose that title or the Dial?). And there are a number of remarkable little drawings which have evidently been made especially for the book and which recall those plates of Callot where the human beings are seen as tiny puppets, set up as a distant set of ten-pins for some general or prince to knock down. When one examines these little drawings, one feels that Art Young himself should really have been an engraver: in "New York Shadows," he has cut out the slender figures of the New Yorkers as clearly in the New York sun (of yesterday) as their sharp silhouettes on the pavement; and in "A Speech in the Woods," he has given a palpability of metal to the varied surfaces of the tree-trunks, beyond which the little human figure, revealed through a rift in the trees, is seen holding forth to a friend. One of the best drawings reproduced in the book is the sketch made by the artist of himself on the occasion when he fell asleep while being tried, at the time of the War, with the other editors of the Masses, for conspiracy against the government: he has caught, in these few hasty strokes, all the strange non-human moroseness, that preoccupation so much more earnest than any mere human anxiety over matters of punishment or release, which we see in the faces of people who have been overcome by sleep.

The text of the book, necessarily, lacks the relief of Art Young's drawings. It is more interesting when we read it through than any of the notes might appear separately. There is a good deal of insight and wisdom behind the casual opinions which wear the aspect of commonplaces: "I have been reading another book by just another philosopher on the problem of adjusting one's self to this life with a view to harmony. This time it is Keyserling. All of these books, which are becoming more and more frequent, could be summed up as: speculations on how to be happy by ignoring the economic equation in the forming of conduct, health and happiness; or, how to live comfortably in the realm of the spirit while living at the same time in a hard materialistic world. These philosophers are wild-goose-riders. It may not be wilful quackery, but it is quackery of a sort."

And though his sketches of celebrities sometimes seem to us perfunctory, they have at others a force of underemphasis. He tells the following anecdote of Brisbane, under whom he had worked in the old days on the Journal and who said to him, when the Masses was started, "You Masses boys are talking to yourselves!"

> Once, after a political campaign meeting, we adjourned to Allaire's, and behind those mugs of ale—such as they served in days gone by—Brisbane talked, mostly about cartoons. He was not only a good talker but a good listener. When I would express an opinion, he had a beautiful way of saying, "Do you think so?" Finally he said, "Young, you ought to be making at least $15,000 a year."
>
> Then I said, "Do you think so?"
>
> In a few days I went down to Brisbane's office with some cartoons embodying ideas that we had talked over at Allaire's. I felt a little as if I were starting on the highroad to making $15,000 a year, with Brisbane's help. Brisbane looked over the cartoons and said, "How much do you want for this one?" I named a sum about equal to my unpaid rent and a laundry bill—I think it was seventy-five dollars. Brisbane didn't want to pay that much. He told me the advantages of having my work circulated by the millions in the Hearst papers, and that years hence my cartoons might be worth that, but not now, and besides, he said, "We can get a boy in the art department to draw the same idea—for thirty dollars a week." When he got through with me, I felt I was in luck to have my cartoons accepted at all.
>
> I cite this to show that Brisbane, besides being the highest salaried editor in the world (even at that time, he told me, he was making as much money as the President of the United States), was also a business man—close on figures. His towering Ritz apartments had not been built then, but he was investing in real estate throughout New York, and had a few seasonal homes. It all added to my wonderment as to how one man could crowd so much responsibility into the span of a lifetime, and why.

And when we think of Brisbane's career, with its great profits and its great publicity, it seems to us hollower than ever. The personality of such a man, for all his air of Olympian power, for all his ability to operate at a distance, to multiply himself for millions of homes, has actually been destroyed. One feels in Brisbane the strain—the bafflement even, of the man who has irrevocably surrendered to forces outside himself. Such a man has not really controlled the power which he represents—in this instance, the press—he has not made it serve as his weapon: he has himself been dismembered by its expansion.

When we are reminded of Brisbane, we feel that Art Young has succeeded in accomplishing a feat which, in modern America, is difficult and rare: at the cost of popular success, and even of regular employment, he has kept the shape of his personality and the integrity of his intelligence. Such a man, however little we may publicly acknowledge it, performs an invaluable service for such a society as ours: he provides us with one of the touchstones of which we unconsciously make use to test the soundness of human character.

EDMUND WILSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still Life

I AM IN Paris in my first studio. I am alone, away from America and family. It is winter. Before me, on the table, are a bunch of red grapes, a small, silver ash tray with a half-burned cigarette in the center of the tray with the ash intact, and a pair of my old, gray leather gloves. I look at these things—it is a still-life and upon a small panel I draw what I see before me and then color and paint what I have drawn.

I am possessed—somehow these things become my life. I am centered in this room, bare and cold and alone in mean surroundings, sitting before these things. I have wakened earlier in the morning with snow and ice encrusted over the skylight. There is only a gray, chill light to see by. Again and again I look at the things on the table—the grapes, one bunch of small red grapes—about twenty-four of them altogether, attached to the stalk by seemingly brittle stems, but which are really quite tough—twenty-four of them—more of them than I have years—all round, nearly perfect, luscious red with a velvety gloss—they may be sweet or they may not. I do not taste them—I watch and observe them. I see a few tendrils, wine-colored, tipping to a suggestion of flame, like a field of sumac in late autumn. I observe the gloves, old, wrinkled, gray, with no hands in them—empty, wrinkled gloves, worn to a disuse, with the tips frayed—the gray, oily stitchings, blackened, have loosened their hold—the twisted leather, stiff in grotesque posture, looks like the dried, dilapidated carcass of a water-rat, having lost its life—its warm, quick, apprehensive life—a mere disused casement—a gray, wrinkled covering for something once tangible, capable and alive.

I keep on looking at these gray, discarded gloves and wonder why I have put them in the still-life—they are ugly and yet I do not put them out. Is it the contrast to the glowing grapes? Then the white line of the cigarette, like an illumined streak, a flash of white on the somber table, stopped by the drooping ash—the last curl of smoke hovers in mid-air—it's dead—the ash droops but remains intact—and the cheap, thin silver tray, whose tinselly sheen is warm, suggests brass. I have worked for one week now, centered in the room there—in the room right over the baker's oven, in the mean little cobble-stoned Rue Guissard. At night I leave the room and go with my plate to the little horsemeat restaurant two doors away, where for eight cents my plate is heaped with meat and potatoes and beans and gravy. I return, and seeing with a sideward glance the girls that stand across the street, stopping men so that they too can eat, I keep on my way, past the two houses, carefully keeping adjusted over my plate the brown, thick paper that keeps out wind and dirt. As I enter my hallway two figures, talking, slouch about a girl—there is an odor of sewage as I pass. I walk upstairs to my room, to my table in the center of the room, where the heat from below concentrates, and eat my evening meal on the edge so as not to disturb the still-life. I have a curious peace—I am alone.

After dinner I walk down the Rue Guissard over to the Rue Bonaparte to a little bar where I have coffee for two cents. The odor of the steaming coffee-urn is exhilarating and refreshing. There is the suggestion of tropics and of plantations, and at the same time I observe the types playing checkers—the midinettes and working people of the quarter mix with bohemians with large, black sombreros and flowing ties. A man in the corner is sketching and all are having coffee, and those that can, their cognac. It's a relief to sit here—away from the rust-frayed entrances and areaways of my street. As I rest here there is a feeling of warmth and companionship. Over against the wall a man is holding up and showing a boat model rigged with sails and pennants flying. He is a Breton—he is holding the boat up and telling a man that with his own hands he built a real boat that is now sailing with a fleet out at sea on a catch. I watch his hands, strong, tough, rugged hands, and sit there a long while enjoying him.

After a while I pay for my coffee and walk out, down the Rue Bonaparte to my house. Across the street the girls watch me disappear in the doorway. I walk upstairs to my table and turn on the light. Then I open the window and, with a sense of relief, one by one I drop the grapes and gloves and the half-burned cigarette carefully down into the dimly lit cobble-stoned street below. Looking up at me a girl calls, *"Bon soir, chérie—bonne nuit—dormez bien."*

JEROME BLUM.

Who, Who More Old

Lightly, closely, rest,
Earth, on your iron core
The weights of hill and water.
The cloud of a man's breast
No girl that was your daughter
More closely ever wore.
Purest, person Earth!
We, who upon ourselves
Look with unhappy eyes,
Seeing the color of birth
That was our living guise
Slip down the sea-time's shelves,
Consider age inhuman.
Yet who, who more old
Than you, that, moon-set since,
Lay like a tender woman
Smelling of plum and quince,
Upreaching to enfold
Grass-footed, flesh-white air
That came upon your sleep?
Passion dwells young in you;
Your years are nowhere.
They cannot pull untrue
The balances you keep.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

The Case against Religion

SIR: Lounging before the fireplace on this Christmas Eve, 1928, and reading the latest issue of the New Republic, I ran across an article, "The Case for Religion," by William Orton, which provokes me to reply. Being of a logical turn of mind, I am ever on the lookout for a *"faux pas"* in the realm of the cognitive. In this article, I believe I have detected a "whopper." I am assuming, of course, that Mr. Orton is serious and not indulging in the fanciful. If I mistake in this, the joke is on me.

Mr. Orton argues that because it is necessary to have had experience with things which are not wood in order to know that his desk is made of wood, he must have experience with a world which transcends the phenomenal in order to know the phenomenal. Surely only a world which transcends the world of phenomena could be meant by the statement:

> The argument of the wooden desk applies now to the whole field of the scientifically known. The very possibility of rational knowledge attests the existence, in man and in the cosmos, of a radically different type of being from the rationally knowable: a reality, a "substance," of real in the universe and real in him, unamenable to the logic of his rational order. The I that "knows" can never be "known," nor the whole of its experience rationalized. It is not the less but the more real on that account. And the challenge of this real cannot, on any system, be evaded.

Just as I know that a wooden desk is wood and not copper or iron, I know that I *am not my neighbor. It is* by having experience with individuals and things which are not "I" that I come to develop a concept of "I." All this transpires in the world of phenomena. I do not find it necessary to preface a world which transcends the phenomenal world. The base upon which my intellect gets its leverage is within the world of phenomena and not outside of it. At least, I find no logical necessity of prefacing a base outside of it. In strict logic it does not follow from the necessity of having experience with not-wood in order to recognize wood. The interrelations of our experience with the myriad phenomena about furnish all the base we need in order to know all that is knowable. To divide the world into phenomenal and noumenal is to create both an unnecessary and an unwarranted dualism. All the experience of man points to a oneness rather than to a twoness of reality. One may in fancy arbitrarily create such a dualism and, as did Kant, assign to one the plenum and the other the void. One can scarcely avoid the conjecture that Kant did this, either consciously or unconsciously, to escape the otherworldliness of the idealists of his day, of whom he was one. He paid his respects to one of the halves and his serious attention to the other.

Science makes no pretense at knowing ultimate reality. It knows its limitations and gathers gear by working with such tools as it possesses. Whatever ultimate reality may be, it is a fair assumption that it is part of the fabric of the world which we experience as phenomena and into which science is rapidly advancing.

Strangely enough, I find no difficulty in accepting as ideal all the conditions which Mr. Orton says would follow upon the basis of his logic. It seems to me to be far more logical to ascribe the fact that religion is so often a mere veneer to a philosophy which has attempted to transcend experience, than to a philosophy the warp and woof of which was manufactured in the mills of experience. True culture is not something apart from life but, on the contrary, is the quintessence of life itself. That there is need of culture on the part of every man who has the leisure and the intelligence to attain a measurable amount of it, no one will deny. But it is a strange logic which leads Mr. Orton to the conclusion that culture is only possible through recognizing the existence of an experience which transcends the world to which the tools of science are applicable.

J. HERBERT BLACKHURST.

Des Moines, Ia.

Opposes the Kellogg Treaty

SIR: The Kellogg so-called "Peace Pact" is a highly superfluous piece of international hypocrisy—*until* the nations of the world stop their present methods of land grabbing, and exploitation of backward peoples, and their present armament policies.

As Professor E. M. Borchard of Yale University so trenchantly states, the proposed treaty, "in fact and in law, gives a solemn sanction for all wars mentioned in the exceptions and qualifications." He further adds that it would be difficult to conceive of any war that had been fought in the past century, or would probably be fought in the future, that would not be legal under this Peace Pact. It would not touch our undeclared war in Nicaragua.

Proponents thereof stress the second clause of the Treaty agreeing to seek the settlement of all disputes or conflicts by peaceful means. That nothing is farther from the intention of Briand, Kellogg, Borah and President Coolidge than this is clearly shown by the past and recent record of these gentlemen who claim paternity or near-paternity for this measure.

A semblance of justification for such a pronouncement is that when the present advocates of the Peace Pact next advocate use of armed forces, whether in North Africa, or against the Nicaraguans who object to having their country made a canal satrapy of the United States, we can tell them their conduct is insincere! Additional evidence is unneeded. While France was looting North Africa, and the United States looting Nicaragua, Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, Briand, Kellogg, Borah and Coolidge were impiously prating of the Peace Pact. Of course, no nation takes the Peace Pact seriously.

These three gentlemen, and M. Briand, know that control of international relations has passed out of the hands of governments, and into the hands of international investment bankers controlling the great basic industries throughout the world, which they are rapidly integrating under very limited direction. A large-scale war between great powers in the near future is out of the question. Since the World War started, the United States has attained in all countries an important, and, in some European as well as some Latin-American countries, a controlling financial interest. American financiers would be fighting themselves, if they permitted the United States to fight Great Britain, Germany, France or Japan, or any one of those nations to fight another. Two reasons exist for the Peace Pact, equally discreditable, the fear of retribution from the small or backward nations the big nations have looted, and the desire of governments of large nations to distract their peoples' attention from the rapid acquisition of natural resources and raw materials by the Great Powers, and from domestic conditions. France should have a guilty conscience respecting Morocco and Abyssinia; Great Britain respecting Egypt, India and China; the United States respecting Haiti, Bolivia, Nicaragua, Cuba and Santo Domingo—to mention only a few dark spots in the foreign records of these three powers.

The United States today originates or controls 40 percent of the world's mineral production, Great Britain about 35 percent—together, three-quarters. France controls a considerable percent, while the financiers of these three nations are busily trying to acquire as much more as they can of the world's mineral resources, and to obtain control of as large a part as possible of the sources of the world's raw materials. The League of Nations is controlled by a bloc of Great Powers abetting each other's international looting, which has led the United States to be of it, but not in it.

Not a futile gesture at denying small nations that recourse to force, gas and aeroplanes, through which every great power, including the United States, has attained and maintains its present eminence, but a rational allocation of the world's natural resources and raw materials, freer exchange of goods and more equitable treatment of backward nations by the powerful nations of the world, is the path to peace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We refused to submit our illegal intervention in Nicaragua to arbitration by any Latin-American nation, and are even now trying to prevent, at the Conference on Conciliation and Arbitration, extension of the scope of these agencies toward peace. To hide our national lie about faith in arbitration, we seek to embark upon an international lie, calling it a "Peace Pact." We are told this is good "psychology" for American voters!

BENJAMIN C. MARSH.

Washington, D. C.

Russian Prisoners and Exiles

SIR: We are compelled to appeal to you again to help us keep alive the Socialist prisoners and exiles in Soviet Russia. Because of present economic conditions the plight of the political prisoners is worse than it has ever been.

Until recently, the relatives of the political prisoners and exiles and those who sympathized with their struggle for freedom in Russia were able to contribute something towards their maintenance. This source of relief has seriously diminished because of the present food scarcity and financial crisis. The prisoners are desperately in need of food and clothing. All money collected will be sent to Russia for the purpose indicated.

Make checks payable to the Relief Society for Socialist Prisoners and Exiles in Soviet Russia and mail to Mrs. Fredericka Baranoff, 9 West One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York City.

MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY.

New York City.

Housing in New York

SIR: Forward-looking citizens of New York City met with the keenest disappointment when they examined the draft of a bill recently submitted by the Commission to Revise the Tenement House Law. This is the first thorough-going revision proposed in almost thirty years. Since the Commission of 1900 presented the law now in force, our standards of living have materially improved and the wealth of our community has vastly increased. Although attention has been concentrated on the housing problem to a greater extent than ever before, and this community was ready for a marked step in advance, the bill makes little progress so far as existing buildings are concerned, and in some respects relaxes present standards where it deals with new construction.

The Commission prefaces its measure with the statement that "inadequate provision for light and air, insufficient protection against and defective provision for escape from fire and improper sanitation of dwellings are a menace to the health, safety, morals, welfare and reasonable comfort of the citizens of the state," but it ignores this thesis in dealing with existing dwellings and leaves the 30 percent of the community who live in "old law tenements"—that is, those built before 1901, many of them fifty or seventy-five years old—almost as badly off as before. The hazard of inflammable stairways and halls and of dangerous vertical fire-escapes is to remain. Toilets are to be used in common by two or three families. Dark rooms with no windows to the outer air are still to be occupied. When will we end slum conditions which have been characterized by one authority as worse than now exist in any great city of the civilized world? Must propertied interests be the sole consideration?

In dealing with new construction, the Commission has likewise failed to recognize the demand for improved conditions. Architects and civic bodies generally have protested the provision of the draft which permits apartments built one-third higher than the present law allows, with setbacks only after the street front has reached its present height limit and with towers of great height in addition on larger plots.

Aroused public opinion has already protested against these proposals and demanded a measure more nearly in keeping with the standards of this day and generation. Let us hope that the Commission will heed this demand. If it does not, its program should never be enacted into law.

STANLEY M. ISAACS.

New York City.

Passing Republican Prosperity Around

SIR: With the election of Mr. Coolidge in the fall of 1924 began that era of greatest prosperity of which we have heard much during the recent presidential campaign. The income-tax returns for 1927, published a few days after the election, will, if compared with those of 1924, dispel any doubt as to the reality of this prosperity. Unfortunately the figures are incomplete for incomes below $5,000. As we shall see, however, this really does not matter. We can learn much from the facts at hand.

What is the first big fact that we find? It is that there were 4,054,000,000 more dollars distributed among persons getting more than $5,000 in 1927 than in 1924. That is fact number one, and it proves the existence of prosperity beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Now for fact number two. How was this $4,054,000,000 distributed? Well, the folks who get from $5,000 to $6,000 got nearly 2 percent of it. They got $70,000,000 of it, which is 8 percent more than was doled out to this class in 1924. Then the folks who get from $6,000 to $10,000 got $430,000,000 of it. This is 20 percent more than these fellows got in 1924. Next, the gentlemen who receive from $10,000 to $50,000 per annum were able to hold on to $1,412,000,000 of it, or 32 percent more than was yielded to that group in 1924. Finally, we come to the master minds, that exclusive little group of real people who receive from the sweat of their brows $50,000 per year or more. These public-spirited gentlemen, after liberally distributing nearly half of the $4,054,000,000 among their less able co-workers, retained for themselves $2,142,000,000. For their thoughtful guidance of the nation's affairs they were rewarded by an increase in incomes for their class of 93 percent. In fact, by including the lesser lights in this class we have brought down the average of their betters, for those having incomes of more than $250,000 per year improved their 1924 record by 200 percent.

It will help to visualize all this if we tabulate it.

Income Class	*Total Increase in Income over 1923*	*Percent Increase in Income over 1923*
$5,000-$6,000	$70,000,000	8
$6,000-$10,000	$430,000,000	20
$10,000-$50,000	$1,412,000,000	32
Over $50,000	$2,142,000,000	93
Total.....	$4,054,000,000	

Note that 88 percent of this $4,054,000,000 increase in wealth went to persons receiving more than $10,000, although they represent only one-third of the total number of persons considered.

I stated at the outset that there were insufficient data to compare the income of the classes receiving less than $5,000. But when one reads up the third column in the above table and notes the vanishing percentage, one sees that it really would not change the answer appreciably. Perhaps these people received 3 or 4 percent more. It would take that much money to keep up with the growth in population in that great class without increasing the average income at all.

Tell us more about our prosperity and the Republican party, Mr. Hoover.

New York City. AUGUSTUS PIGMAN.

Are Washington Progressives Dry?

SIR: I read with a good deal of interest the letter of Mr. E. O. Rice of Prosser, Washington, in your issue of December 12, under the caption, "Are Progressives Dry?" If Governor Smith's attitude on prohibition was the reason why he ran 150,000 votes behind Senator Dill in Washington, I wish Mr. Rice would be so kind as to write you a letter explaining to your readers why Scott Bullitt, Democratic candidate for Governor and much more violently opposed to prohibition than Governor Smith, ran only about 18,000 votes behind Senator Dill.

Perhaps some of Mr. Rice's friends hated the Catholic religion more than they loved either progressivism or prohibition.

Oxford, Miss. PHIL STONE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Popularizing Esthetics

An Outline of Esthetics, edited with Introductory Notes by Philip N. Youtz. W. W. Norton and Company. New York: Five vols. 486 pages. $5.

TO POPULARIZE a philosophical discipline like esthetics is the last imaginable word in any democratic cult, and to popularize while making a respectable contribution to the literature of the subject is astonishing. Yet it is not too much to say that The People's Institute is doing this in sponsoring, through certain members of its staff, the publication of the five volumes which compose "An Outline of Esthetics." It is a composite "outline" in the form of a symposium, with five different persons, in general, but not entire, agreement, writing about different aspects of the same subject. The occasional overlapping is welcome rather than otherwise, for it gives the reader a fresh look at the difficult problems. Mr. Youtz' introductory sketches are penetrating and often exciting. He strikes the keynote of the series in calling attention to the public interest in art, in view of the fact that esthetics has barely emerged from its position as the astrology of philosophy. "For esthetics, this interest in the arts," he says, "holds out high promise. It is now likely to make winged progress toward becoming either legitimate philosophy, orderly science, or a creative art."

Certain broad characteristics of this "Outline of Esthetics" deserve emphasis: first may be mentioned the emphasis on a scientific attitude throughout. The authors, particularly Professor Munro, favor a positive use of objective analysis—accumulated data obtained through history and observation and questionnaires, systematic and purposeful clssifying and cataloguing, skepticism toward an easy finality of conclusions in esthetics. The whole series is based on a naturalistic world-view and dominated by a vision of future progress in education and in the self-development of individuals.

A second characteristic is the practical, helpful note in every volume, shown in the simple presentation of information, and in directions for individual study of art, for observing and comparing and judging. For example, the clarity of Miss Allen's explanations of Impressionism and of the application to art of such terms as invention, design, decoration, convention, deserves special mention.

The refreshingly fresh viewpoint, combined with a thoroughness of treatment that is surprising in such tightly compact volumes—no one book contains more than a hundred pages—constitutes a third distinguishing characteristic of this outline. Professor Munro, for example, insists that art criticism "should recognize and study many more different types than it does, and be in no hurry to set exact limits to each"—in other words, he demands that not only should esthetics be experimental, in a broad sense, but it should recognize that art is experimental, and that new forms should be welcomed. Propaganda and other non-esthetic values of art are recognized, and the most recent theories and works, such as those of Ogden, Richards, and Wood, and the critical writings of T. S. Eliot and Wyndham Lewis, are given attention. An objective and comprehensive approach, avoiding dogmatism and dispensing with the dubious dignity of overmuch polysyllabic phrasing, enables the authors to present the gist of relevant contributions of the past while maintaining a stimulatingly modern point of view.

The volume entitled "Scientific Method in Esthetics," by Professor Thomas Munro, is the foundation of the series. He puts the difficult case for a scientific method tactfully and precisely. Exact mathematical formulæ in esthetics are not, he states at once, to be expected. But "observation, hypothesis, comparing notes, renewed observation and revision of ideas" will help us to compare our experiences and arrive at more precise conclusions than before. "Through directing such a process esthetics might hope, not to attain any certain or exact solutions to its old problems, but to accelerate a little the natural evolution by which beliefs, in art as elsewhere, lose their local, ephemeral character, and become tested products of social experience."

"The World, The Arts, and The Artist," by Irwin Edman, is a delightfully written book except for its title and the similar jargonistic titles of most of its chapters. It is a philosophical prose poem: "In a sense, therefore, all art is idealization, even where it pretends to be realistic. . . . But the idealization which is art has the benefit of holding a clarifying mirror up to Nature. It shows us by deliberate artifice what is potentially in Nature to be seen, in life to be felt, in speculation to be thought." But not only does idealism come into art, in Dr. Edman's philosophy, but also into social vision: "In a rationally ordered society, all work would have the quality of art," and again, "the pleasurable activities of the artists, the pleasures of appreciation are both indications of what a sound and happy social order would make more generously and pervasively possible." The reader will find this book illuminating and enjoyable.

Dr. Henry Ladd's "With Eyes of the Past" is a slyly humorous, discreet book pointing out smilingly that tradition rules the waves on the ocean of esthetics. Not only is our slowness in progress due to the hampering influence of tradition, but, on the other hand, our most up-to-date theories and most modern techniques owe their essential core to earlier thinkers and artists. "Even the experimental psychologists have, after many tests, become convinced that esthetic choice is formed by precept and environment rather than by the congenital predispositions." This means, of course, though the author does not explicitly say so, that there is a sociological esthetics, in so far as the influence of tradition and environment on esthetic ideals is concerned, an aspect that has been consistently sidetracked by most writers since Guyau. It is too bad that Dr. Ladd did not see fit to make some reference to theorizers like Upton Sinclair and V. F. Calverton, and especially to the immensely stimulating "Literature and Revolution," by Leon Trotsky.

Miss Cecil Allen has produced a clear and challenging piece of work under the title, "The Mirror of the Passing World." A painter of eminence herself, she has also the unusual ability to write logically about the history and the theories of painting. Her style is virile and compelling, and the organization of her attack is fresh and different. She gives the Philistine short shift: "The average spectator does not see any pattern in nature. He sees it as a number of separate things and the thing that chiefly disturbs him in an original work of art is just this forcible synthesis which he has never noticed for himself and therefore considers to be untruthful." Her analysis of the technique of various painters, and her comparison of oriental and occidental art, appear to me to be brilliant criticism.

"The Judgment of Literature," by Henry Wells, is a disappointing book. At least half of it should be expunged and re-written or new writing put in its place. Dr. Wells can undoubtedly write entertaining gossip about literature,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but he seems not fitted for precise, planned, analytical discussion of a subject-matter which, always up in the air anyway, is no nearer the ground after he has written than before. The following is a sample: "Relativity in standards arises when we accept ideas of evolution and environment, or for the time being merely from modesty's sake decline to urge our own tastes upon mankind." Do we "accept" ideas "of" evolution and environment? Does "relativity in standards" arise out of modesty? Another gem of confusion: "Again we are led to the conclusion that literary criticism is doomed to be valued today above all else as the definition of changing taste." Why "doomed" to be *valued above all else?* No series of lectures can properly be put verbatim into a book, hurry or no hurry. And, to question one more hasty statement, on what ground can the author say, "the basis of all criticism is not reason but prejudice?"

But "An Outline of Esthetics" is, on the whole, a valuable and desirable set of books, and a necessary part of all future bibliographies on esthetics. The neat print and format make it, also, attractive as an addition to individual libraries. I hope that in addition to having "The Judgment of Literature" revised the editor will decide to get out a second series of "An Outline of Esthetics" containing five new volumes—on architecture (by the editor himself), on music, on sculpture, on dancing, and on the theater.

OAKLEY JOHNSON.

Too Much Robespierre

The French Revolution, by Albert Mathiez. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 510 pages. $5.

My Friend Robespierre, by Henri Beraud. New York: The Macaulay Company. 298 pages. $3.

IN WHAT it is, as well as in what it is not, "The French Revolution" of Professor Mathiez completely meets the expectations which his many earlier studies in this field have raised. He is an excellent example of the modern laboratory historian, who, after devoting his life to the exact determination of the revolutionary facts through tireless first-hand investigation of the fantastically abundant and steadily multiplying sheaves of documents, offers the result to the world.

History, according to this school, is made up of such documented facts plus innumerable forces of habit and streams of feeling and opinion which, through their often incredibly involved interplay, lend to each its peculiar physiognomy. Professional history strives to satisfy our critical intelligence while scorning to appeal to our esthetic sense. It tries to understand events, not to restore them to life through the agencies of feeling and vision. It is science, not art. In the able instance before us, it is certain to win the admiration of college instructors, who will hasten to add M. Mathiez' work to their list of prescribed authorities, but it will not greatly agitate the general reader. The only history likely to reach him is the kind which has not abandoned the ancient literary tradition. However, this opinion is not held by M. Mathiez himself, for, by the omission of all footnotes and references, he plainly indicates that he does not despise the reading public. He aspires to the clean, unobstructed page, and achieves it the more easily as he expresses himself with the clearness and fluency which are the usual characteristics of reputable French authors. Furthermore, his translator has done him the good turn of giving us an English version that marches briskly along.

And yet the reviewer ventures to stick to his opinion: facts are the welcome and necessary raw material of history but, however well authenticated, do not constitute literature. And too abundantly poured out, they end by wearying even the professionals habituated to a factual diet. This, the latest history of the Revolution by a modern critical historian, is also the most crowded with details culled from obscure and hitherto unexplored repositories. Many a page is overgrown with such an underbrush of unimportant names and happenings miraculously raised from the Tartarus which was their proper resting place, that the really significant events are, if not wiped out, at least diminished and obscured. And yet the author, obsessed by his scientific passion for data, informs us in his preface that he was regretfully hindered from telling us a great deal more by the sole consideration of space! In short, he so narrowly writes "history," that it is an aberration to imagine even for a moment that he is also writing "literature." It would have been better for him frankly to confess his class, address himself to the brethren of the inner circle, and satisfy their natural craving by tossing them his scientific apparatus.

Testing the author by the standards of this class, as is proper, he may without hesitation be assigned a very high place. In following the purely factual line of his choice he is enabled to enrich the familiar succession of events lying between the mounting of the throne by Louis XVI and the death of Robespierre—for these two events mark the chronological range of his book—with details that often greatly alter the traditional values. His most important corrections belong to the period of the Terror, but he discounts our surprise by having long ago prepared us for them by his many intensive studies dealing with Danton, Robespierre, and the Mountain. Without abandoning his objectivity, in so far as objectivity can be guaranteed by a conscientious attachment to documents, he unconsciously becomes a partisan, and a very emotional partisan indeed, by virtue of his democratic faith. Not only does the doctrinaire purity of this faith account for a support of Robespierre so consistent that it at times suggests idolatry, but it explains also the contemptuous treatment of Danton, whose corrupt practices and opportunist politics suffice to deprive him of every human merit. It is significant that Mathiez closes his history of the Revolution with his hero's death. "In the person of Robespierre they [the Thermidorians] had slain the democratic Republic for a century." But with the exception of those spiritually disposed like himself he will not carry his point of Robespierre's greatness, as greatness is perennially measured in life and history. While the little lawyer from Arras was a democratic prophet of a kind, and his incorruptibility a shining virtue in a corrupt world, he proves himself by this very champion's story so extraordinarily incompetent in the presence of the actual problem of government that he sets himself down to all eternity as a bungling dilettante.

And M. Beraud's sentimental biography will not alter the verdict. Apparently to the end of justifying his instinctive tenderness for the much maligned Terrorist, he pours his communication into the form of a tale told by an old man, who, a putative boyhood friend of Robespierre, reviews the stormy career of the famous tribune from the quiet haven of the Bourbon Restoration and his own declining years. The political bias of this biography lies, in interesting contrast to the deep Mountainist tincture of M. Mathiez, in the direction of the "moderation" repre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sented first by Girondism and, after the fall of the Gironde, by Dantonism. And the view is upheld that Robespierre was, in the language of Rousseau, good and pure, till, in the trivial language current throughout the ages, ambition entered his heart and corrupted it. Needless to say that this interpretation, which enjoyed a particular veneration among the generation of 1848, no longer commands any reputable support. The best passages of the book are occasional approaches in the modern psychological manner into the privacy of Robespierre's mind. But the penetration never lasts long or goes far. Like so many predecessors in this field, the author prefers to signify his awe for his subject by remaining at a respectful distance. By this attitude Robespierre inevitably takes on the cloudy proportions of an enigma and prompts a treatment implying his more than human stature. Beraud, too, quite as emphatically as Mathiez, predicates the greatness of the revolutionary leader, while, exactly as in the case of Mathiez, the record of events, supplied by the author himself, suffices to prove the opposite. Surely the time has come for a life of Robespierre which, neither excoriating, championing, nor sentimentalizing him, treats him simply as a human being with particular endowments projected into a particular situation.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

The Child in the House

The Problem Child At Home, by Mary Buell Sayles. New York: The Commonwealth Fund Division of Publications. 342 pages. $1.50.

I KNOW of no parents who would not profit by making themselves familiar with the material in this book, and I hope very much that its unfortunate title will not deter them from reading it. Every growing child is in one connection or another a problem child. Unfortunately "problem child" now has connotations of abnormality and the clinic, which parents automatically seek to avoid. Although based on clinical material, the book throws a strong and helpful light on the normal development of normal family relationships. It provides an insurance against abnormality.

This does not mean that psychologists, psychiatrists and social workers in the field of child study will not benefit by it. On the contrary, it seems especially intended for them, but the material is of more fundamental concern to parents.

The source of this material is a selection of some two hundred case records from the enormous number made over a period of five years, in various clinics conducted under the Commonwealth Fund's program for the prevention of delinquency. The author's study falls into three parts, in the first of which she discusses the emotional needs of the child, the satisfaction of normal parental love, exaggerated parental love, and parental ideals; the impulse to dominate, favoritisms, antagonisms and jealousies. The second part sets forth some of the mistaken ideas which influence parent-child relationships. The last part is devoted to some typical records.

What impresses me with the work is a certain tentativeness of attitude, and a caution against generalizations. Miss Sayles warns us against underestimating the child's personality, while at the same time she is frank enough to acknowledge that it is a riddle which we have to accept, rather than a fact the origins and development of which we can trace and analyze. She declares, quite correctly, that a technique which could provide scientific proof of the influence of parents on children cannot be created—that causal connections are inferred, and must be. In a word, Miss Sayles is sensible of the fact that the study of childhood is a selective activity, in which we emphasize one or another factor in an infinitely complex situation. Whether the factor selected or emphasized is the most important one cannot be established by technique. It depends almost entirely upon the common sense, the imaginative sympathy —what I am tempted to call the intuition—of the teacher or student.

Within the limits of these reservations Miss Sayles' findings may, I think, be accepted as sound. At least they are corroborated by my own experience. They amount, in brief, to this: the relation of husband and wife toward each other plays a large part in the development of favoritisms, antagonisms and jealousies toward the children. Parents and children seek certain satisfactions in each other. The child needs security—physical and emotional. It needs freedom for growth, and a concrete ideal to emulate. In giving love or protection the parent so often makes the child dependent or forces his own will upon it. He sets forth, in words, ideals which his behavior negates; and, of course, example is a more powerful model than precept, especially in parents! Moreover, there is a tendency on the part of parents to want their children to fulfill their own secret hopes and ambitions—to attain to the goal which they have failed to reach. So the child may be forced along lines that are distasteful to it, or toward a high place that it has not the mental equipment to reach.

An important point is that in many cases children appear to be the victims of a *social* heredity—that is, maladjustments are carried over from one generation to another in the same way as political or religious allegiances. There is always great danger of attributing to biological inheritance what is due purely to family custom.

The cases which Miss Sayles reports fully exemplify these generalizations.

RACHEL O. KALLEN.

Stories of 1928

Homer in the Sage Brush, by James Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Prevailing Winds, by Margaret Ayer Barnes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

The Mountain, by St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

The Silver Thorn, by Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Day's End, by H. E. Bates. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

The Other Gate, by Vere Hutchinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Nightseed, by H. A. Manhood. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

THE feeding of the multitude hungry for short fiction is each year more of a miracle. Out of a slender store of substance which might be compared to the five loaves and two small fishes, the magazines produce and distribute their thousands of stories, and then the publishers proceed to gather up of the fragments many more than twelve baskets full. In surveying these gatherings the first question which strikes the reader is whether or not they make a book. Unless they do, discussion of them can hardly pass beyond the comment which the stories received on their original appearance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of the collections entered above, "Homer in the Sage Brush" is eminently a book, by virtue of its locale, its material and its style. The stories are all laid on the American frontier; they survey with encyclopedic completeness the various phases of pioneering; and they maintain with extraordinary precision the dialects which belong to each. The Northwest Coast is represented by the fisherman, the logger, the sawmill boss, the gold-seeker. The Sagebrushers are the river pilot, the freight teamster, the cowboy, the miner, the preacher, the irrigator, the harvester. Each story is a contest, an ordeal, and each has something of the quality of a folk-tale, as if worn into a certain groove by constant repetition. Like "Paul Bunyan," they all belong to the saga of the American pioneer.

"Prevailing Winds" is as characteristically American in material and style as is "Homer in the Sage Brush," but in a different mode. Mrs. Barnes' adventures are social, her ordeals are matrimonial, and her hair-breadth escapes are from the dangers of romance, the chief of which is the absurd. But all this only reminds us that a tea party may be as exciting as a battle, and more amusing. In Mrs. Barnes' stories we catch the accent of American society as unmistakably as that of the pioneer in Mr. Stevens'. They are full of the movement of life, the freshness and gaiety of a people which in middle age is still young. And they are uncommonly well told.

In turning to the English stories we are conscious at once of a change in atmosphere. They are almost entirely character studies of individuals developed in their several idiosyncrasies, essentially unsocial. The background of a peopled world is reduced to shadows and a murmur. Very often the character and the narrator are the only figures in the pattern. Of such fiction Mr. St. John Ervine's "The Mountain" is full of examples—the lives of tired, drab, dull people illumined by a single passion, rising to a single moment of feeling, or issuing in a grotesque *contretemps* which may be comic or tragic. The manner of the essayist sits well upon Mr. Ervine—the lightness of touch, ease of manner, pleasantness of tone. This account will serve almost equally well for Mr. Hugh Walpole's "The Silver Thorn." Here again is the limitation of characters and the concentration upon a single quality or humor, illuminated by the urbane comment of the narrator. But in Mr. Walpole's stories the grotesque for the most part receives its emphasis from death.

Mr. Bates' "Day's End" maintains the quality of the apartness of human beings. These men and women who issue from the shadows for a moment to reveal themselves in a single impression and disappear are uncanny in their reality. They have the strangeness which even the most ordinary things take on when looked at with unwavering attention. Miss Vere Hutchinson's stories in "The Other Gate" belong to the same school of fiction, but lack the expert manipulation which is necessary to bring the camera to focus. Mr. Manhood's "Nightseed" is perhaps the most impressive example of the tendencies in the English short story already noted. All of his tales possess a certain realism relieved by the unusual, but in the most powerful of them remoteness passes into eeriness, and the strangeness of familiar things becomes a kind of hallucination. The note of death is constant, implacable. In one respect Mr. Manhood's work separates itself from that of his colleagues; he speaks not as the quiet, unobtrusive essayist, chronicling small beer, but with words which search and startle in their reflection of the storms of consciousness and the violences of the imagination—in short, a new style.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

An International Survey

Survey of American Foreign Relations, 1928, by Charles P. Howland. New Haven: Yale University Press. 610 pages. $5.

THIS country, and, indeed, the whole world, is indebted to the Council of Foreign Relations for supporting the quarterly journal, Foreign Affairs, and this debt is now increased by the publication of the annual "Survey of American Foreign Relations," edited by Mr. Charles P. Howland. The volume is divided into five sections, the first of which discusses the traditions and forces in American foreign policy and the problem of congressional control of foreign relations. The second section deals with the commercial and financial expansion of the United States and the State Department supervision of foreign loans. The third section discusses the relations between the United States and the League of Nations. Final sections cover reparation, debts and the limitation of armaments.

The purpose of the survey is to "present an unbiased statement of facts and a fair interpretation of policy." This objective has been admirably achieved in the sections devoted to economic and financial questions. Here chapters deal with intricate subjects of international exchange, gold prices, tourist expenditures, and "present values" of debts, in a thorough and illuminating manner. One would like to see a similar examination of the effect of our tariff policy upon international relations, but perhaps this question is reserved for treatment in a subsequent volume. One of the most interesting chapters in the economic section is that entitled "International Implications of Gold Distribution." This chapter shows the great influence of the Federal Reserve Board upon the international price level and how the accumulation of gold in this country for a time depressed commodity prices throughout the world. In July, 1927, an international bankers' conference was held in New York, as a result of which the United States provided easier credit conditions to other banking systems.

In the reviewer's opinion, other sections of the survey are less successful in achieving their objective, not because their interpretations are unbalanced, but because they do not lay down a solid basis of fact. In the section dealing with the limitation of armament the detailed terms of the Naval Limitation Treaty at Washington are not given; nothing is said of the difference in the Preparatory Commission over global limitation or international supervision; one does not find a record of the different proposals made at the Three Power Naval Conference. The section on the United States and the League does not contain a detailed list of the League conferences in which the United States has participated and the League treaties she has actually signed. In the discussion of naval warfare, some readers would like to see a more concrete statement of the differences between the United States and England over sea law during the World War.

The interpretative treatment of these various subjects is excellent. Nevertheless, the student of international affairs has, in the opinion of the reviewer, the right to expect from such a year-book a detailed statement of the facts before or along with a commentary. In other words, this volume might be more encyclopedic.

It is possible to quarrel with a number of the interpretations. Perhaps greatest disagreement might be expressed with the contention that the limitation of armaments cannot be achieved without agreement in regard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to sea law. It seems also that the chapter on the State Department supervision of foreign loans overlooks the fact that proper supervision might prevent grave social damage in backward countries caused by certain investments.

The volume closes with the suggestion that England and the United States agree to the freedom of the seas in case of private war, but not to insist upon traditional neutral rights in case of public war. While much can be said in favor of this proposal, its terminology may have to be revised in view of the fact that as a result of the anti-war pact the distinction between private and public war should disappear.

There are a few errors noted: Mr. Cumberland was not appointed financial adviser to Nicaragua; President Coolidge's United Press Speech seems to be misquoted; the Foreign Policy Association has, not nine, but fifteen branches. These trivialities do not prevent this from being a volume of distinction, and it has been handsomely published by the Yale Press.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL.

From Magic to Science

From Magic to Science: Essays on the Scientific Twilight, by Charles Singer. New York: Horace B. Liveright. 253 pages. $7.50.

DR. CHARLES SINGER is the foremost English expositor and protagonist of the history of science. His own particular specialty is the history of medicine and biology, but he has taken a broad interest in the general history of science, and has wisely portrayed the development of science against the background of the conditioning influence of the prevailing types of intellectual attitudes. With Dr. Singer the history of science is quite literally an integral phase of the history of civilization as a whole. The present volume illustrates Dr. Singer's prowess in this field in two widely different types of achievement: general exposition of scientific development in long perspective and esoteric researches in special aspects or episodes in the scientific history of particular ages and areas.

The first two chapters, constituting nearly half of the book, trace the history of science from Pliny to Vesalius, Harvey, Kepler and Bruno. This is probably the best introductory survey in any language and should prove invaluable to up-to-date teachers of Roman and medieval history. The remainder of the book is devoted to the esoteric and the curious, but is far from being irrelevant. The essays in this portion of the book deal with medieval theurgy as exemplified by the "Lorica of Gildas the Briton"; early English magic and medicine; early herbals from prehistoric times through the Middle Ages; the visions of Hildegard of Bingen, particularly as relating to cosmology and eschatology; and the rise of the medical university at Salerno in the medieval period. Incidentally, in this last chapter, Dr. Singer thoroughly "debunks" Constantine the African, the greatest traditional figure in the history of medieval medicine.

The book is a very valuable contribution both to the history of science and civilization and to medieval studies. It is written in interesting style and with the aim in view of historical illumination rather than pedantic exhibitionism. As an example of book-making art the work is one of the outstanding products of the current literary season.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Two Poets

The Hamlet of A. MacLeish, by Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 441 pages. $1.50.

The Set-Up, by Joseph Moncure March. New York: Covici, Friede. 184 pages. $2.50.

MR. MACLEISH'S poetry puts the reviewer in a quandary. Almost more than any contemporary American poet, with the exception of Conrad Aiken, he has the authentic gift of words. His lines gleam and flow; they have a character of their own; at his best, in "The Too Late Born" and "You, Andrew Marvell," Mr. Macleish's poems are like the pouring of a rich, honey-colored liquid from a vase. And yet there is something the matter. Mr. MacLeish is still curiously adolescent; he is only at intervals himself. One reads his long poems, and at once one is haunted by the ghosts of various contemporary poets, English, French and American, so that the result is hardly personal at all; the liquid is diluted from a dozen alien streams.

This book is like that. Again and again there are beautiful and passionate lines; the part that corresponds to Hamlet's outbreak in Ophelia's grave shakes the reader with its vivid emotional description, its admirable communication of strong feeling. Yet the subject of the poem as a whole (the spirit of man futilely questioning and struggling with the material world) is largely considered in borrowed terms, and consequently there are long passages, like the Grail story, which are merely good writing. The emotion is second-hand, and comes, one imagines, from reading Miss Jessie L. Weston with spectacles belonging to T. S. Eliot.

It is this lack of fusion between style and content (as if the paint and the table it was supposed to cover had a space between them), this lack of a mental Bessemer process, that bothers the critic. For, granted that a poet may share the feeling of futility which is at the bottom of so much contemporary writing, and granted that, to express such a feeling, it may be a good thing to have a symbolism which is shared by several poets, nevertheless that symbolism is useless for satisfactory communication unless the poet makes it emotionally his own. Jacopone da Todi and Dante both wrote about the Virgin, using similar symbols, and both wrote fine poetry, because those symbols were in each case shaken to life by a strong current of personal feeling. But Mr. MacLeish does not make his symbols live; perhaps it is because the emotion implied by futility is more individualizing than the emotion implied by worship, and therefore does not authorize the use of communal symbols. Whatever it may be, the fact remains that one does not feel that Mr. MacLeish is relying on his own emotion, and as a result, the advance made in this poem over his previous work is merely technical. This is unfortunate, for Mr. MacLeish has the potentialities of an important poet, and his continued dependence on other experience than his own makes one wonder when he is going to fulfill them.

Mr. March's poem is in almost every respect a different affair altogether. It is pure narrative; there are no cosmic implications, no relation of the troubled soul to a distempering world. Yet it has one thing in common with "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," for Mr. March is also trying to convey a sense of tragedy; the difference is that his is a tragedy revealed in physical rather than psychological terms. His hero is a Negro boxer who is the victim of unscrupulous promoters, and who, after a too successful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fight, is finally killed by being pushed under a subway train.

The story is admirably told; it is vivid, quick and exciting. We see, and practically smell, the boxers, the dressing-room, and the ring:

> This pasty faced little bantam was dressed
> In a wall paper suit,
> And a bartender's vest.
> He was full of himself.
> He scowled when he talked,
> If you tied his elbows
> He couldn't have talked.

Indeed, except for the fact that he uses too many adjectives (the word "grim" is overworked), Mr. March's style is almost perfectly suited to his matter, and although this poem is not as inclusive as "The Wild Party," and hence not quite so interesting, nevertheless it maintains the high standard Mr. March has set for himself as one of the best of our narrative poets. In many respects he is to poetry what Mr. Hemingway is to prose.

Yet here, too, the reviewer is troubled by a feeling that the poet has not grasped his theme with sufficient intensity. Admirable as Mr. March's gift of story telling is, his hero is described too externally, and hence the tragic implications of the plot are not entirely realized. In other words, Mr. March, like Mr. MacLeish, shows that in this poem at least he has not developed his talents to the full.

THEODORE SPENCER.

Fiction Notes

A Brood of Ducklings, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS is competent journeyman's work. As usual, Mr. Frank Swinnerton strips off the front wall from certain middle-class London houses and permits one to observe the slightly pallid affairs which are in progress behind those stolid exteriors. In his present tale he is concerned with Ferdinand Meadows, a courtly old-fashioned dilettante, who has failed to grasp the idea that his two daughters have grown to maturity. Unknown to himself, he loves them jealously, possessively, and is cruelly bewildered and hurt when he begins to realize that they are leading a secret inner life of their own. He fails, even, to discover with whom they are in love—and so, for that matter, does the reader. Mr. Swinnerton indulges in a good deal of unnecessary mystification on this point and prepares a succession of false scents. One would think that he was writing a detective story instead of a mildly interesting novel which lacks the tension and intensity of "Nocturne" or "September." E. H. W.

How the Old Woman Got Home, by M. P. Shiel. New York: Macy-Masius. $2.50.

AVOID this book if you are unwilling to take a dizzy plunge into metaphysics and romance, to abandon your last slippery hold on reality. "How the Old Woman Got Home" is so superbly mystifying a tale that the crime clubs could, and probably will, claim it as their own. The adventures of the penniless young electrician, who stumbles into a title and a house on Park Lane at the moment that his mother is abducted, would do credit to Sherlock Holmes—and yet this wild, whirling narrative is very far from being a detective story. Beneath the surface melodrama, M. P. Shiel juggles with cosmic ideas. Still breathless from the pursuit of unknown villains, his characters pause to talk brilliantly and interminably of science and God. There is a touch of Meredith in Mr. Shiel's obscure, chaotic style, but chiefly it is his own creation—an instrument curiously suited to his unruly genius. He is the fantastic romanticist incarnate. His book violates every classical canon, is undisciplined and at times almost absurd, but it has the bracing force of an electric shock. It is written out of an abundance of life.

E. H. W.

Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island, by H. G. Wells. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MR. WELLS has always been oppressed by the futility of the mere story-teller, and his social conscience, if any man's, should by this time be at rest. In "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island," he seems to be taking a well earned vacation from the rostrum, but we have not read far into the story before we realize that he has something up his sleeve, as usual. The Blettsworthy who is the hero of his tale is the last of a long line of sturdy conservatives, and in spite of an unfortunately mixed parentage, is brought up in the best Blettsworthy tradition. Circumstances send him to sea, as supercargo on a tramp freighter, and a mutual antipathy between himself and the captain culminates in his being left behind when the ship is abandoned off the coast of Patagonia. He is captured and taken ashore by the cannibal savages of Rampole Island, and his adventures among them and his subsequent escape (not into civilization, but into sanity) give Mr. Wells opportunity for many ingenious satirical parallels. The analogies which the author draws between Rampole Island and the post-war world are exact, but Mr. Wells is too convinced a missionary of Utopia to underline them too cruelly. Mr. Wells, it will be remembered, was once an ardent supporter of the crusade against the Hun, and though he now touches the same theme, he has changed his key. To an intent ear it may seem that he is singing a little small.

T. S. M.

Contributors

ROBERT C. BINKLEY is a member of the department of History at New York University.

ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH, formerly on the staff of the New Republic, is the author of "The Happy Marriage" and "The Pot of Earth."

LOUISE BOGAN is the author of a volume of verse, "Body of This Death."

GEORGE O'NEIL was formerly an editor of Measure.

W. H. DAVIES, English poet, is the author of many volumes of poetry and prose.

RAYMOND HOLDEN is the author of a volume of poems entitled "Granite and Alabaster."

OAKLEY JOHNSON is professor of English at Long Island University.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL, formerly professor of Modern European History at the University of Chicago, is the author of "The History of Modern Europe," "The Balkan Peninsula" and other books.

RACHEL O. KALLEN was formerly director of Hamilton Grange School.

R. L. BUELL, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, is the author of "The Labor Problem in Africa," "Present Day Europe" and other books.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is professor of Historical Sociology at Smith College.

THEODORE SPENCER is an instructor and tutor at Harvard University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRES

ENGAGEMENT EXTENDED

RUTH DRAPER

in her original character sketches

Every Evening and Matinees, Thursday and Saturday

COMEDY Theatre, 41st St., East of B'way.
Management ACTOR MANAGERS

DEBATE

IS MONOGAMY INEVITABLE?

Resolved:—That Constant Sex Relationship is Indispensable to Individual and Social Happiness

AUGUST CLAESSENS
Author, Lecturer, Teacher
Says YES!

V. F. CALVERTON
Author "The Bankruptcy of Marriage"
Says NO!

Friday Eve., January 25th, 1929, at 8:30 o'clock
COMMUNITY CHURCH, 34th St. and Park Ave., City

Tickets: Limited and Reserved, 75c and $1.00
For Sale at:—Rand School, 7 East 15th Street, N. Y. C.
Community Church Office
Labor Temple, 2nd Ave. and 14th St., N. Y. C.
and by mail from Socialist Party, R. 505, 7 East 15th St., Algonquin 4620

THEATRE

Yiddish Art -: Theatre :- | 14th St., East of Union Square Tel. STUy. 0523

Maurice Schwartz, director, announces
Every Friday Evening and Saturday and Sunday.
Matinee and Evening.

"God, Man and Devil"

A new version of
Jacob Gordin's Masterpiece
Settings by
Mordecai Gorelik
English Synopsis Supplied

CHILD CARE

Nursery School and Boarding Home near San Francisco for normal children between 1½ and 4½ years. Director has had nursery school training and teaching experience. Refereuces educators and patrons. Write **Mrs. Rutledge Fullerton, P. O. Box 387, Sausalito, Calif.**

GENERAL

From Georgia;—Paper shell pecans—large, meaty, deliciously flavored; average size of nut, ten centimetres in circumference. Our five pound service means you receive C.O.D. each month, for a year, five pounds of these pecans—carefully selected, neatly packed. Write for details and send for free sample. Address Georgia Plantations, 128 Park Place, Macon, Georgia.

FOR RENT

A Lady will Rent a large, bright room in her apartment to business or professional woman. Elevator, telephone and all other modern conveniences. $15 a week. Light breakfast if desired. Appointment by telephone, Ashland 3219, or write Box No. 612, New Republic. References.

BOOKS

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold 1,250,000 of the best books New, Secondhand, Out-of-Print—on all subjects. Books on approval. Also Rare Books and Sets of Authors. Catalogues free (25 issued). Outline requirements and interests.

FOYLES,
121 Charing Cross Road,
London, England.

FOUR NINETEEN

ANY BOOK OF ANY PUBLISHER POSTHASTE AND POSTPAID THROUGH THE NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE, NEW YORK CITY

WEST 21st STREET

Your Teaching Problem

If you have a class whose members need more independent thinking, something to freshen their interest, some of John Dewey's ideas, The New Republic is sure to stimulate them. Favorable rates for class subscriptions; free desk copy.

The New REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street,
New York City

TRAVEL

37 days EUROPE $295

Leading College Tours
Nearly 3,000 members from 700 colleges and schools in 1928. 200 ALL EXPENSE TOURS. Small groups. 1st Class Hotels. More motor travel. Send for booklet.
College Travel Club
154 Boylston St., Boston

GENERAL

EARN $25 WEEKLY

Spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE.
Press Syndicate, 1060, St. Louis, Mo.

BOOKS

The RUSSIAN LAND

by

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

In soft covers, $1.00; in half leather, $2.00. At Bookstores or direct from

NEW REPUBLIC INC.,
421 West 21st Street, New York

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Programme January 11-19
AT COOPER UNION

(8th Street and Astor Place, at 8 o'clock)
Admission Free

Friday, Jan. 11—**Everett Dean Martin:** "Religious Liberty.—The Story of 'Free Thought'."

Sunday, Jan. 13—**Norman Angell:** "Politics and the Main Street Mind."

Tuesday, Jan. 15—The American Institute Science Lectures. **Dr. H. H. Sheldon,** Professor of Physics, New York University: "Radiation."

AT MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY

(209 West 23rd St., at 8:30 o'clock)

Monday, Jan. 14—**Mark Van Doren:** "Mark Twain."

Wednesday, Jan. 16—**Scott Buchanan:** "Fiction—The Logic of Character."

Thursday, Jan. 17—**E. G. Spaulding:** "The Development of the Organic View in the 18th and 19th Centuries."

Saturday, Jan. 19—**Mortimer J. Adler:** "Relevancy—The Logic of the Law."

DISCUSSION

THE GROUP

A Clearing House of Opinion
meets at
Auditorium—150 West 85th Street
V. F. CALVERTON
(author of "The Bankruptcy of Marriage")
will speak on
The New Morality in Contemporary Europe
Tuesday, January 8th, at 8:30 P. M.
Admission 50c. *Organized 1918*
S. A. Seligson, Director, 285 Madison Avenue.

POSITION WANTED

Young Man, experientially educated, many interests, having traveled, desires secretarial position with unbabbitt-like employer (preferably professional man), not wishing the usual dried-out, vital-less automaton. Box 610, New Republic.

TEACHER (young man): English, grades, studies supervisor, or experimental work assistant. Good academic equipment; graduate in education. Salary subordinated to extent that position is suitable. Long commuting distance no objection. Box 611, New Republic.

GENERAL

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrats of all sports wear—direct from makers. Samples free. Suit-lengths by Mail. Carriage Paid.
NEWALL, 159 Stornoway, Scotland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED